

RESIDENCE OF THE WILLET FAMILY IN THE VENICE MOUNTAINS.

B. V. Shantz & C. V. Lith. Boston.



AN ENGLISH COTTAGE LIFE



Engraving by E. H. Collier

The neat but humble mansion may now,
Resonate in its leafy solitude.

—*W. Roscoe.*



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DOMESTIC
AND
RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

AMERICAN SCENERY, RURAL LIFE, AND HISTORICAL INCIDENTS, AND ALSO OF RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH ADDITIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



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NOTICE.

IT has been the object of the Publisher, in collecting and publishing the materials of this volume, to present to the public a work which, while it did not exclude other topics, should, as a whole, be decidedly of a moral and religious character.

In the present state of popular literature it is some commendation to say, that the following poems contain nothing offensive to correct taste, morals, and religion. But this is not all. We cannot but think, that the lovers of genuine poetry, those who can distinguish between the truth and the exaggerations of nature, will find something in them that is substantial and positive. In making this remark, we rely upon the ascertained opinions of others, as much and more than upon our own. The attempt to describe American Cottage Life, in the poems on that subject, and in the Days of Youth, is something new, and is not without its difficulties; but we do not doubt that some portions of them, at least, will find a responsive chord in many bosoms.

The work is patriotic and American in its character, as well as Christian. It is perhaps proper to add, that the materials of this volume are all from one hand; but it will be seen that there is ample variety both in the topics introduced and in the manner of illustrating them.

D. S. K.

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THE

DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

PART FIRST.

THE DOMESTIC OFFERING.

THE

DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

Reflections on the New Year.

I.

HELD in their path of glory by the hand,
That reared all nature's bright and wondrous frame,
That made the sky, the ocean, and the land,
And all that dwell therein, whate'er their name ;
Held by that wondrous hand of might and power,
The distant stars their steady course have run,
The moon hath watched in her aerial tower,
Along his annual round hath march'd the sun,
Until his task once more, his Zodiac race, is done.

II.

Yes ! Time's unwearied course hath borne us on ;
Successively the rapid seasons passed ;
Another twelve month's space is come and gone,
And a New Year upon the world is cast.
Time's noiseless wheel rolls on, and, oh how fast !
'T is like the tide that rushes to the sea ;
Uncounted things are on it—at the last,
Those of the earth shall perish, cease to be,
But souls, a spark of heaven, go to eternity.

III.

The earth, still subject to its ancient curse,
Hath felt its storms, and shook with thunders dread,
And Death, to make its bosom populous,
Hath smitten down full many a weary head.
The young, the man of scattered locks and gray,
All ages to the grave's cold rest have gone,
The dwelling-place of silence and decay.
There dwells the worm ; the serpent feeds upon
The soulless mass deformed, and twines the skeleton bone.

IV.

The living, too, whose bosoms erst did beat
With promise high and unabated joy,
How many now in gloomy sorrow sit,
And constant woes their life and hopes annoy !
How many in the course of one short year,
Who love received, and love as warmly gave,
Now shed o'er sundered ties the burning tear !
Alas ! earth's ties are often like the wave,
That brightly clasps the shore, then breaks, and seeks
its grave.

V.

See here a mother mourning o'er her son !
How desolate her soul ! And seated there,
With countenance of deeper grief, is one,
New robed in widow's weeds. Into thin air
And blackness terrible hath sunk their light.
Oh ! happy they, when joys terrestrial fade,
Who rest on God's right arm and changeless might.
There's nothing firm of all things that are made,
But life shall wane to death, and substance change to shade.

VI.

Yes, there's a spirit of change in all things round,
Which shows itself, as year on year goes by ;
Which at the last shall sink the solid ground,
Nor spare the brighter fabric of the sky ;
Both heaven and earth shall be one cemetry.
Down from their home of light the stars shall fall,
The blaze, that lights the solar pathway, die,
While clouds and flame shall wrap this earthly ball,
Its wither'd pomp depart, and fade its glory all.

VII.

Boast not, because these things have never been,
For we shall see them, though we see not now,
When rolls through heaven the final trumpet's din,
And lightnings bind the "seventh angel's brow."
Then months and New Years shall be o'er. Ah, how
That final trump shall rock the land and sea !
Then shall the proud, majestic mountains bow,
The islands and the continents shall flee,
The solid earth go down, and time no more shall be.

VIII.

The years of earth shall pass ; but heavenly years
Shall start upon their endless destiny.
The joys of earth shall perish ; but no tears
Shall dim the brightness of the joys on high.
The scenes and things below shall fade away ;
The brighter scenes of heaven shall be the same,
Without a blighting touch, without decay ;
And all her hosts, in one sublime acclaim,
Shall pour their transports high, and shout the Saviour's
name.

Days of Youth.

PART FIRST.

CONTENTS. Introduction. Cowper on seeing the portrait of his mother. Recollections of maternal love and care. A scene in the nursery. The schoolmistress. Saturday afternoon. Field sports. The oaken grove. The imprisoned robins. The bower. A scene in Autumn. Thanksgiving day. The Farmer. Reflections. The river Cocheco. Old Richards, the miller. River sports. The solitary Grandam. The story of Lucy Wilson. The Conclusion.

WHEN fearless seamen spread the journeying sail,
And bear away beneath the welcome gale,
To brave, o'er ocean's waste, with hardy form,
The smiting sun, the billow, and the storm,
Though firm their courage, oft their hearts they find
Filled with the thoughts of those they left behind ;
And, as the ocean widens, turn their eye,
To catch once more their native hills and sky.
Where'er they go, whatever climes they roam,
They fondly think of country, friends, and home ;
Repeating in each mess-mate's listening ear,
How maids and matrons shed the parting tear,
And in the visions of the night review
The cherished scenes, where many a joy they knew.

Remembrance thus in life's decline endears
The home, and scenes, and sports of earlier years ;
Back o'er the tide of time we cast our eye,
And 'neath its gaze enchanted regions lie ;

We see once more, with fondness unexpressed,
 The light of early days, and call them blessed.
 Sweet days! When life was undisturbed by care,
 And busy hope made every vision fair;
 When, passing swiftly by, the frolic hours
 Welcomed and crowned each scene with songs and flowers!
 Yes! That blest Power, which hath the art to bring
 Departed joys and visions on its wing,
 Shall from oblivion's mist their beam restore,
 Each faded line and tint repair once more,
 And giving to them form, and life, and truth,
 Hold up to Age the mirror of its Youth.

'T was thus, when storms had gathered on his way,
 And hope and pleasure dimmed their feeble ray,
 His swimming gaze the gentle Cowper bent
 Upon his mother's pictured lineament,
 As late in life into his hands it came,
 With lips and smile, as when she lived, the same.*
 His vigils o'er the portrait long he kept,
 And, as he viewed it, thought, remembered, wept:
 For Fancy, quickened by his feelings' strife,
 Brought that dear mother's form and love to life,
 Revealed her kindness in the days gone by,
 Which shielded, and which blessed his infancy;
 Her "nightly visits to his chamber made,"
 That she might see him safe and warmly laid;
 The fond solicitude, that "saw him wrapped
 In scarlet mantle, warm, and velvet-capped,"

* See the beautiful poem of Cowper on the receipt of his mother's picture from Norfolk, beginning,

"Oh, that those lips had language! Life hath passed
 "With me but roughly since I saw thee last."

And with the gardener Robin, day by day,
Sent him to school along the public way.

I too admit a mother's sacred claim,
I too would consecrate that matchless name,
And like the bard of Olney strive to pay
The grateful honors of my humble lay.
How oft the picture rises to my view,
Fresh as at first its hues, distinct, and true !
How oft, in solitude's creative hour,
When thought and feeling own a quickened power,
I sit in pensive silence and retrace
Each well known feature, each attractive grace ;
Her silent grief, when those she loved went wrong,
Her smile, her kindly words, her voice of song !
All else may fail, all other joys may die,
And leave the fount of hope and feeling dry,
But life nor death shall from my bosom tear
A mother's looks, her kindness, and her care ;
That care, which further back than memory goes,
Heightened my early joys, or soothed my woes.

When life was new, and scarce my infant sight
With a strange joy had opened on the light,
She watched my cradle, wiped the starting tear,
And soothed with mellowed song my infant ear.
There, as she sat, in Fancy's forming eye,
The doubtful future passed in vision by,
That sometimes cast its brightness o'er my way,
But oftener veiled in clouds the favoring ray.
And then, alarmed with all a mother's fears,
She looked to Him, a mother's voice that hears,

And prayed, with faith and feeling unrepressed,
That He, who stills the raven's hungry nest,
That He, who knows, and who alone can know
The sins and sorrows of this world of woe,
Would guide her child in life's uncertain way,
Nor let temptation lead his steps astray.

Soon as my infant footsteps dared explore,
(No trifling journey then,) the nursery floor,
She reached her hand, and standing constant by,
My progress watched with fond and curious eye ;
And when at last I reached the destined goal,
Nor could but laugh aloud with joy of soul,
She shared my triumphs, and bent down to bless
My joyous brow with many a warm caress.
That care, it knew no bound ; that love, no end ;
Where'er I went, her guardian steps attend,
Till in my crimson frock, and bonnet fine,
Where the first gathered rose was taught to shine,
Thoughtless, my way to yonder school I take,
Loaded with kisses, (what was more,) with cake.

And thou, the Mistress of our little school,
For age revered, and wisely skilled to rule,
From whom our minds their infant knowledge drew,
As flowers from vernal skies imbibe the dew,
Though many years have passed since then, art not
By all thy little company forgot ;
Still on our hearts thy virtues have a claim,
Still dwells upon our tongues thine honored name.

When we began, in learned order set
With eye and finger on the Alphabet,

The task, (a mighty task it seemed to be,)
To search the mysteries of A, B, C,
We heard the changeless law, that not a look
Should leave the pages of the Spelling Book ;
That none the seat assigned him should forsake,
That none with whispers should the silence break ;
Nor was it last or smallest in the code,
Which ruled the realm of learning's young abode,
That none should turn his luckless head awry,
To watch a spider, or impound a fly.

Enthroned upon her ancient elbow chair,
She swayed her sceptre, and dispensed her care ;
She praised the boy, whose time was rightly spent,
But woe to him on whom her frown was bent ;
Who dared her awful word to disobey,
And what was meant for science give to play.
Thrice hapless he, who tumbling sprawled the floor,
Or sought with truant step the tempting door,
Or, reckless of the pain and bitter tear,
A bodkin thrust into his neighbor's ear.
Ah me ! The wrinkles curled upon thy face,
Thine eye flashed fire, and threatenings came apace ;
Wrath shook thy cap ; more frightful than thy nod,
Thine arm uplifted, waved the birchen rod.

When time had flown, and consecrate to play,
Arrived at last the joyous Saturday,
Forth from the School with leap and shout we went,
With youth inspired, on youthful pleasures bent ;
The favored space, which once a week could bless
With freedom from our learned Governess.

No longer subjects of her sovereign law,
Whose word controled, whose ferule struck with awe,
In various ways, for various ends we part,
Joy on our lips, and transport in our heart ;
We heard no more her tongue, nor feared her look,
Nor o'er our heads the rod of terror shook.

Lo ! o'er the fields with eager hand and eye,
Some chase from flower to flower the butterfly :
Or, shouting with the sharers in their play,
The rapid hoop drive o'er the traveled way ;
While others near the brook apply their skill,
Watching the workings of their mimic mill,
Or teach the kite high in the air to fly,
And sweep the bosom of the boundless sky.
Some sought the woods that distant caught the view,
Or ranged with eager steps the vallies through ;
Some gathered flowers, and the bright wreath prepare
To weave into their young Narcissa's hair,
While others climbed with fearless feet the hill,
Light as the winds, and wanderers at will ;
But chiefly loved our merry band to rove
Where echoes answered from the Oaken Grove.

Dear to my heart by strong unnumbered ties,
By fond delights and best remembrances,
Those ancient Oaks, with leaf and acorn crowned,
That o'er my father's rugged acres frowned ;
See, how aloft, in kingly pride they bear
Their massy trunks and twisted arms in air,
Still changeless in their strength and giant form,
By suns unwithered, moveless in the storm.

Beneath those arms, that venerable shade
Often my lingering footsteps have delayed,
When early Spring, in budding beauty gay,
Awoke my heart, and smiled its cares away.
In Summer, too, that poured its sultry blaze,
When flocks and herds sunk panting in its rays,
I breathed the freshness of the cooling air,
That nestled in the leaves and lingered there.
But chiefly, when the sober Autumn came,
With languid suns, that gave their feeble flame,
And sighing winds, with rude invasion, shook
The clustering acorns from their leafy nook,
I hastened forth, and with delighted toil,
Collected at their feet the fallen spoil.

Nor was this all. Still other ties invite,
Where o'er our heads their knotted arms unite.
'Twas there, in early spring, the birds with care
Their nests composed of gathered sticks and hair;
'T was there I watched them fly from spray to spray,
Or capture in the air their insect prey;
'T was there, from branch to branch, their tuneful throat
Poured forth the music of its sylvan note,
And seated on some rock, I bent mine ear,
The tribute of their warbled song to hear.

Pleased with their chirp, bright eye, and speckled breast,
One day I took two robins from their nest,
And placed them in a cage. Upon a tree
I hung the cage, and they sung mournfully,
And hopped from side to side, as if they still
Were thinking of their native wood and hill;

When, lo, the mother to their prison flew,
And fed her young, as she was used to do,—
Placing a worm within their beaks, and then
She lit upon a branch, and poured her strain,
As if to sooth their sorrows. Thus she came,
And daily fed them, daily sung the same.
A thought at last rose in my childish heart :
It seemed to charge me with a cruel part ;
If I were in a prison, what would be
My mother's thoughts, my mother's griefs for me !
She, too, would come, would feed me, and would sing,
And try all arts, some joy, some hope to bring
To her poor boy. And oh, if I were free,
How would she triumph in my liberty !
I wept, and not a reason needed more,
But went at once, and oped the wiry door ;
The little birds hopped from the open cage,
And soaring on their airy pilgrimage,
Poured forth their song to rocks and trees around,
Till rocks and trees their warbled joys resound.

In those young days, when Summer in its gleam
Beckoned us forth to hill, and wood, and stream ;
When, swinging on its branch, the little bird
Plumed its blue wing, and made its carol heard,
Down in the valley by the river's side,
We built the Bower, and graced its arch of pride.
Fair hands were busy, bloom and branch to bring,
And all were present with their offering.
Some lent their skill high in its top to twine
The fragrant fern, the rose, the large-leaved vine ;
Some gathered leaves and flowers, and o'er the ground,
And sidelong benches, strewed their treasures round.

The joyous stream bestowed its hoarse applause,
To cheer our ardor in the mutual cause,
Urging its curling wave with graceful sweep
'Mid elms and vines, that clothed the valley deep.
Our hearts were one; the breath of worldly fame
Had not yet blown our passions to a flame;
And envy was not felt. Each strove to be
A source of joy, and not of misery;
We saw no future ills, all griefs forgot,
Blessing and blest, we would not change our lot.
There faithful hands were clasped, there songs arose,
Till sober evening bade our pastimes close.

That summer eve is passed! The summer's bloom
No longer yields its beauty and perfume.
The joyous birds are gone: there nests are bare,
Hanging in leafless branches in the air.
How changed is all around! The Autum's gale
Breathes from the moaning wood its joyless wail;
The cattle, shivering in the fenceless fields,
Nibble the poor repast the stubble yields;
The bleating sheep complain; the flocks of crows,
Cawing aloud, forbode impending snows.
But though the day be cheerless, none the less
It comes to gladden, harmonize, and bless,
The day, when huts and cottages shall hold
As much of bliss as if they gleamed with gold—
TURKEY DAY, which, ere the year shall part,
Returns to sooth the farmer's generous heart.

Full well I knew him. Often when a boy,
The Farmer hailed me with a boisterous joy,

Asked how I fared, and took me by the hand,
 And kindly led me o'er his well-tilled land,
 And showed his bleating sheep and lowing kine,
 Pride of the master's eyes, and joy of mine.

To him, good man, Thanksgiving day ne'er came,
 Without a full observance of its claim ;
 For whether much or small he had to spare,
 He had enough to give the poor a share,
 Who constant came, and never failed to meet
 The ready greeting, and the welcome seat.
 His decent home was on a rising place,
 Where nature showed her strength, but not her grace ;
 And yet that rugged height the pear-tree crowned,
 And scattered beeches closed the mansion round.
 His garden gave its treasures ; not in vain
 From ripened fields he drove his autumn wain ;
 Huge stands his table ; fruits and pies appear ;
 The choicest products of the teeming year ;
 Gathered around his loaded board, he sees
 His sturdy sons, his daughters " formed to please,"
 Who, while the brothers felled the forest's bloom,
 Controlled, with busy hand, the noisy loom ;
 Susan, and Dick, and John, and dark-eyed Bess ;
 Proud heaves his heart with conscious happiness.

Happy are those, whose hand and heart of fire
 Nature hath framed to rule the tuneful lyre ;
 Whose souls can feel, whose powers of verse can tell
 The deep emotions in their hearts that swell.
 Alas for me ! Such praise I cannot claim,
 No epic heights resound my humble name :

I do not ask the noisy world to hear,
I do not seek the trained and courtly ear ;
The budding wreath, which they may bind, shall be
The light for other brows, but not for me.
But I will sit upon my native plain,
And tune my pipe, and call the rustic train,
Their lowly toils repeat, their griefs reveal,
And tell the joys, which such alone can feel ;
And, where Cocheco gently winds along,
Renew to woods and rocks my rural song.

Cocheco's River ! Fitter strains should sing,
Than my poor note, thy gentle murmuring,
Whispered through nodding birch and elm-trees hoar
Till down opposing rocks thy waters roar.
If Burns were here, he would describe thee fair,
As blooming Doon and bonny banks of Ayr ;
In simple verse would tell the mingled charm
Of woods and stream and cultivated farm,
Of birds rejoicing in their leafy bowers,
Of bees, " that hum around the breathing flowers,"
And many a cottage on thy banks should gain
The heartfelt homage of his touching strain.

Roll on, fair River ! Yield your torrents still,
And turn, with vigorous sweep, Old Richard's mill.
While others sing the men and deeds of fame,
Be ours to consecrate Old Richard's name.
For oft the aged miller at his hearth
Detained our boyish troop with well-timed mirth ;
Told us strange tales, nor waited to be pressed ;
Laughing old man ! He loved the tale and jest.

Strong was his arm, and while the mill went round,
He hooped his pails and tubs with clattering sound.
His long grey coat with dust was thick beset,
His broad-brim hat was hat and epaulet.
Nor was he all for jesting. In a trice
He sober grew, and gave us sage advice ;
With shake of head and keen, emphatic eye,
Descanting loud on truth and honesty.
But baffled oft to make his audience hear,
When wheels and tubs and hammer claimed the ear,
He raised his voice, and with its accents shrill,
Defied the deaf'ning clamor of his mill.

Loved waters ! Oft we spent the rapid hours
Upon thy waves, and in thy leafy bowers ;
And they were hours of quietude and bliss ;
No cloud of sorrow dimmed our happiness.
See ! On thy banks, where cautiously and slow
The thirsty steer stoops to the wave below,
The noisy group at idle length recline,
While others aim the spear or wield the line.
See ! In thy waves the daring band divide
With skillful arm thine unresisting tide ;
Or guide with slender sail their dancing boat,
And proudly o'er thy gentle waters float.
Bright was thy summer's sun, and sweet the breeze,
That chased the fragrance from thy clustered trees ;
Green waved thine elms, with massy arms and strong ;
Loud from the alders burst the black-bird's song ;
While thrush and red-breast from the meadows gay,
In merry groups, proclaimed their rival lay.
And e'en, when chill and frozen winter came,
Around thy banks we gathered still the same ;

The rapid sled directed down the hill,
Whose snowy brow o'er-topped the noisy mill,
Or made the polished ice, thy waves that bound,
With trampling feet and ringing skates resound.

Stream of the mossy rock and sheltering tree !
Unknown to fame, but not unknown to me.
Thought, retrospective, fondly lingers o'er
The cliffs, the woods, the vallies of thy shore.
Ye pensive haunts, to recollection dear !
One picture yet ; I cannot leave you here ;
For e'en the dwellers of your vale and hill
Find mingled, in their cup of joy, its ill ;
And while they speak of bliss, their griefs at times
Are breathed in simple melancholy rhymes.

Upon thy rugged banks there lived alone
An aged woman to the world unknown.
She, hapless one, was sadly taught to know
How frail are fairest prospects here below ;
How, in the time of bitterness and need,
All human help is but a broken reed.
Time was when she had friends ; but that was past,
And all her griefs on higher aid were cast.
Wretched her hovel ; all her art and care
Could scarce exclude the rain and searching air.
She had a chair, a table, and a bed,
And some poor things for making tea and bread.
Daily she ranged each shady solitude,
To gather withered leaves and sticks of wood,
To heap her lonely hearth. When gleaming high
The stars were summoned to the evening sky,

Beside her frugal fire, her hours were given
To humble toil and fitting thoughts of heaven.
Not seldom to that grandam's hut we drew,
When sable evening clothed the hills from view ;
She stopped the wheel, that twined her flaxen thread,
She closed the Bible, whence she nightly read,
And from the fruitful fount of former years
Revealed the tale of sadness to our ears.

'T was long ago, she said ; in that rude time,
When first our fathers came from England's clime ;
When households, in our frontier town, were few,
And close and dark the forest round them grew.
With busy hands the farmers cleared away
The tangled woods, and oped them to the day ;
They had no time in idleness to spare,
But built their barns, the guarded house prepare ;
Old men and young alike engaged in toil,
With spade and plough to quell the rugged soil ;
The maids obeyed the busy housewife's call,
And Lucy Wilson gained the prize from all.

The neighbors marked her ever cheerful face,
The magic of her voice, her movement's grace ;
And with a glow of pride told o'er and o'er
Her kindness to her parents old and poor.
Like Lucy Wilson none, they said, could spin,
And none like her could keep their cottage clean ;
None listened on the holy Sabbath day,
With heart so fervent with devotion's ray ;
None had such kindly looks and cheerfulness
In disappointment, labor, and distress,
Prompt to her daily toil with morning's gleam,
Nor slack in duty with day's latest beam.

One morn she went out with her milking pail,
And the same song, that oft had cheered the vale ;
It was a summer's morn ; the earliest beam
Was scarce restored to tinted wood and stream ;
And as she passed, her brightly floating hair
Waved to the welcome of the joyful air.
'T was the last time ; for fiercely raging war
Had drawn the savage from his haunts afar ;
Men of hard heart and unrelenting eye,
Unmoved by beauty and by sympathy ;
And with that license cruel strife hath given,
Their spears they hurled, and Lucy went to heaven.

Such were the words that claimed the starting tear ;
But other listeners now that story hear.
Yes, THERE ARE OTHERS NOW. In Fancy's eye
I see them, as I saw in times gone by.
With eager gaze, on the long winter night,
They gather round the hearth's reviving light,
To hear the Grandam. At her wheel she sits,
And rallies at their call her aged wits.
And when bright spring has visited the vale,
With bud and flowret nodding in the gale,
Or summer scatters from her matron hand
Plenty with beauty o'er the smiling land,
And boys and girls these new enjoyments share,
'T is not the group that came, when I was there.
But I'll rejoice, nor let my heart repine,
That youthful hopes and joys no more are mine,
And only pray, when bliss with them is o'er,
And they, like me, shall taste those joys no more,
That gratitude may linger to the last,
To consecrate the pleasures that are past.

Days of Youth.

PART SECOND.

CONTENTS. Introduction. An excursion in the fields. Poor Will the beggar. The Pedlar's annual visit. Youthful military exercises. Reflections. The Farmer's return at evening from his fields. The husking with its legends and songs. The blind Musician. The evening visit of the Huntsman. Melancholy reflections. Character and death of a Schoolmate. Reminiscences of a sister who died in infancy. Religious reflections. The village Pastor. The gift of a Bible from my Mother. Departure from Home.

Alas, how ceaseless is life's silent tide !
How rapidly its onward waters glide !
Not meads nor flowers, that crown its liquid way,
Can check its course, and tempt its floods to stay.
Fair blows the wind, and all my sails are set,
The last blue wave heaves not its bosom yet ;
Pleasant companions and bright waves I find,
But still I cast the lingering look behind.
My busy spirit fails not to retrace
Each house, and haunt, and oft remembered face ;
The rugged rock, the hill, the shaded plain,
Once more I tread with youthful feet again,
And in Imagination's eye review
Each scene that cheered me, when my life was new.

Nor is it strange ; it thus hath always been,
And thus will always be, while men are men.
No change of place, companionship, or state,
The heart from its first loves can separate ;

Unbribed by joys, which have a foreign birth,
It claims, unchanged, its own, its natal earth.

See, how aloft, with struggling step and slow,
The daring Switzer climbs his heights of snow,
While o'er the mountain's brow the chilling storm,
With stern invasion, smites his youthful form !
Go, take him thence, and place within his hand
The gifts and pleasures of some happier land,
Bid o'er his head Italia's summers glow,
Her breezes fan, her flowers around him blow ;
You do not pluck his memory from its seat,
You do not, cannot make his soul forget ;
His father's form is present to his mind,
His mother's look, that ever beamed so kind ;
His much loved sister's voice he seems to hear,
The *Ranz des Vaches** invades his startled ear ;
And often will he think, and often sigh
For his own mountain hearth and stormy sky.

Where, in yon field, my father used to keep,
Pride of his little farm, his flock of sheep,
Where bright-eyed birds in birch and maple sing,
From branch to branch with gaily glancing wing,
A joyous group of the same heart and age,
We took our predatory pilgrimage.
Bright was the sun, and balmy was the air,
And life, and buoyant health, and youth were there ;
The squirrel, in his old, fantastic tree,
Chirped forth his welcome loud and merrily ;
And mellow autumn, in his treasures dressed,
Waved o'er the land, to tempt and make us blessed.

* One of the simple and affecting airs sung in Switzerland.

With one triumphant leap we passed the brook,
Cast on the barren beech a wishful look,
Explored the ripened walnut bough, and then
Rushed loud and joyous down the hazel glen,
And where the apples reddened in the sun,
Climbed to the topmost branch, and treasures won.

Not distant far, shut from the public eye,
Save when he wandered forth for charity,
The tenant of a hut, which seemed to be
As shattered, rent, and beggarly as he,
There lived, (and oft we called to see him there,
Supported in his rude, capacious chair,)
Poor Will the beggar, miserably old,
With hunger pinched, and shivering with the cold.
I name him here, for he too has a place
Among the forms, that fancy loves to trace;
And I should do my heart and memory wrong,
Were I, unnamed, to pass him in my song.

Sometimes, when birds with music hailed the morn,
And round his pathway waved the yellow corn,
With vacant eye, and with uncertain feet,
He groped his way into the public street.
One day I marked him at the rich man's gate,
Just in the attitude his wants to state.
His locks were gray, and cautiously he pressed,
Upon the faithful staff, his bending breast;
His hat he reached abroad with trembling hand,
And few his meek petitions could withstand.
The village lads, who knew him, stopped their play,
To mark his rags, and hear what he would say.

He gently eyes them, as they flock around,
And for each cent half bends him to the ground.
His tattered garments and his feeble frame
The greatness of his age and wants proclaim ;
And some, who know no pity, pause to see
His grateful bows and sad civility.

Farewell, poor Will ! With one accord we part,
And next are met around the Pedlar's cart.
He, honest man, with whip o'er shoulder placed,
His long, interminable journey traced,
O'er mud and dry, o'er hillock and o'er plain,
In mild and storm, in sunshine and in rain.
Hark ! How his wagon thunders ! What a sound
His pails and pans and dippers scatter round !
Thus doth he come, as punctual as the year,
With knowing look and strangely various gear.
Combs, ribbons, knives, and pocket-books he had,
To grace the lass, and please the country lad,
With rattles, drums, and jews-harps for the boys,
Whate'er could please the eye, or make a noise.
His little books he carefully displayed,
The Children of the Wood, to death betrayed ;
John Gilpin and his famous turnpike race,
The tales of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase.
To passers by, (no shame-faced youth was he,)
He gave the nod, and called out merrily.
Whatever others sold, or had in store,
He always boasted, he could show us more ;
Perched high upon his rusty cart, the same,
With which from immemorial time he came,
With pie-bald horse, the rusty cart that drew,
And like his master all the country knew.

Nor when our pastimes, pleasures, feats we name,
Should we forget the military flame ;
Alas ! When it should be rebuked, controlled, repressed,
Too early kindled in the youthful breast.
See through the streets the young militia come ;
List to the screaming fife, the rattling drum ;
See how they move with martial head erect,
And wooden guns, their country to protect !
Many a gallant boy with matchless soul
Gave in his name to swell the muster-roll ;
Free waved our 'kerchief banner high and proud ;
Oft flamed our tiny cannon pealing loud ;
While hats and smoke in upward whirls aspire ;
The overflow of freedom's generous fire.

How blessed 't would be, if armies in array,
With sword and battle-axe, were children's play,
And, as they marched with banners up and down,
Served but to please themselves, or please the town,
And while they thus amused the eye and ear,
Drew down no widow's cheek the burning tear,
Raised in no orphan's breast the bitter sigh
O'er distant friends, that fall, and bleed, and die.

But see ! The leaf is yellow on the hill ;
The birds are few, the moaning winds are chill ;
The Autumn suns diffuse their transient beam
And from the plains returns the loaded team.
There had the farmer toiled from early morn,
And plucked with busy hand the full-eared corn.
Blest in his fruits, his cattle, and his sheaves,
With shouldered hoe and axe, his field he leaves ;

Well-pleased, his boy is trudging at his side,
A sharer in the father's joy and pride.
Weary, but patient, he erects his goad,
And homeward urges fast the rustling load ;
While o'er the hills the setting sun-beam glows,
And leaves the world to shadows and repose.

Hope of the land, ye farmers, who can bring
Heaps from the soil ye sowed in early spring,
Your labors well demand the poet's lays,
Too oft on subjects spent less worthy praise.
Around the hearth, that brightly beams the while,
Of newly-gathered corn ascends the pile ;
Around that pile, with cheerful voices loud,
Gather, on Autumn nights, the husking crowd.
The neighbors come with joyous heart and face,
Their Rural Festival to cheer and grace,
To yield their sympathy, their aid to yield
To those, who, like themselves, subdue the field ;
And while with busy hand their task they ply,
And with their labors cheer the master's eye,
Who marks the love that crowns the closing year,
In baskets brightening with the golden ear,
Traditional tales the hours employ,
Old hearts are glad, and young ones heave with joy.

High rose the song, thrilled forth by many a tongue ;
'T was rude in measure, and 't was rudely sung :
It told the daring deeds of Robin Hood,
Done in the starless night and pathless wood,
Who trained his bloody band, his bow who bent,
Where Sherwood's forests crown the sylvan Trent.

And then there came (it always had a place,)
 The spirit-stirring strain of Chevy Chase ;
 And while we hear, before our mental eyes
 Men, steeds, and spears, and bloody fields arise.
 There goes Earl Douglas, like a Baron bold,
 With milk-white steed, and armor bright as gold ;
 There doth earl Percy not less boldly ride,
 With fifteen hundred English at his side ;
 And Hugh Montgomery throws his dreadful spear ;
 Then first we wondering heard, and wept to hear.
 Thus many an ancient tale and many a song,
 The scene of bliss and hour of joy prolong.

At that united, friendly, festal hour,
 The Old Blind Fiddler oft displayed his power.
 He traveled through the country up and down,
 Talk of the cottage, wonder of the town ;
 Where'er he went, he never lingered long,
 And always made his welcome with his song.
 His darkened eye saw not the brilliant day,
 But in his soul shone friendship's genial ray ;
 He showed a minstrel's heart, a minstrel's skill,
 And ruled both swains and maidens at his will.

In fancy still I see him proudly bear
 His sooty face, and jet-black curly hair ;
 One foot he forward pressed, and 'neath his chin,
 With head drawn back, he placed his violin ;
 And as we praised his skill, and closing round,
 Exclaimed, impatient for the magic sound,
 He poured at times the brisk and lively strain,
 And then it slow and serious grew again.

At times he hit the stern and martial air,
And then struck something that would please the fair ;
And as with practised hand he drew the bow,
And strains divine around the circle flow,
He rolled his sightless eye from place to place,
And bowed and smiled with self-complacent grace.

That strain is o'er ; but joy waits not to borrow
The ray, that gilds it, from the beaming morrow ;
'T is dark without ; the hearth still shining bright,
Relumes our walls, and fills our hearts with light ;
Around its cheerful blaze we linger near,
And to some native legend lend the ear.
The huntsman from 'Seogee's* mimic sea,
Or recent from the mount-crowned Ossipee,
Or farther still, where the White Mountains swell
Vast and majestic, had his tale to tell.
Full wondrous was the theme, and strange to hear,
Of game entrapped, or slain with gun and spear,
Of hair-breath 'scapes upon the stormy lake,
Of Indian, starting from the secret brake,
Of whirlwinds bearing desolation wide,
Of trees self-moved, hurled down the mountain side,
Of toils by day, of short and dangerous sleep,
Scared by the wolves, their vigils near that keep.

Such were the scenes, that gave my early days
Their nameless charm, which round them still delays ;
Such were the hours, in recollection blest,
That poured their pleasures o'er my youthful breast ;

* An abridged expression for Winnepisiogee, a beautiful lake in New Hampshire. Ossipee, is the name of another lake in the same region.

Blest in themselves, but rendered doubly dear,
For those who loved me, those I loved, were near ;
Who, with their hearts in looks and actions shown,
Made all my griefs, and all my joys their own. *

Friends of my Youth ! I often think of you.
Sad was the hour, which saw the long adieu.
Companions dear ! Ye yet shall have a part,
A place of refuge, in my inmost heart,
Till once again, with happiness complete,
Brought face to face, and soul to soul, we meet.
But this, alas, with some shall never be,
Who loved, with open arms, to welcome me,
Relentless Death, that spares nor friend nor foe,
Hath touched them in their bloom, and laid them low.
Yes ! they are gone ; but dead to outward sight,
They live, unchanged, in Memory's fadeless light.

Mark how the churchyard yews and elms enclose
Their narrow beds, and guard their deep repose.
Green is their turf, and scattered flowers have grown
Above the moveless heart, the mouldering bone ;
And those, who loved them, when the setting day
Tinges the mountain with its farewell ray,
Around their dust with pious tears renew
The rites and honors, to their virtues due.

Yonder there sleeps a youth, whose promise fair
Shone in his eye, his manners, and his air ;
A child of genius ! Mighty nature taught
Both power and feeling to his early thought.
I knew him well. The same with me in age,
Together we explored old Maro's page ;

But there was that in his prophetic eye,
With which no vulgar mind had sympathy.
He sought, when oped the morning's purple dawn,
The breezy hill and solitary lawn.
But loved at eve the stream, or forest's gloom,
Or pensive paused beside the sculptured tomb ;
Well known to talking age, and many a time
He sat and heard their legendary rhyme,
For other times, and deeds with ages dim,
Forgot by most, had secret charms for him.
But he is gone ; and I am left alone,
Gone, like the flower, in early summer mown ;
That poet's eye is dim ; the sod is pressed
Coldly and sad upon his crumpling breast ;
But long his image in the souls shall dwell
Of those, who knew him, those who loved him well.

Ah, there are thoughts more sad. Above thy grave,
Long lost Elizabeth, the willows wave ;
Thou wast my sister, but didst never frame
A brother's sacred and endearing name ;
Too young to know, or utter aught of me,
But none the less my love encircled thee.
Few were thy days, and those of deep distress,
But e'en thy griefs were bright with loveliness.
Returned from school, with heart averse from play,
I hastened where thy suffering body lay ;
Beside thy humble cradle took my stand,
Thy forehead kissed and held thy little hand.
Oft didst thou feebly smile ; and then again
Thy countenance confessed the bitter pain.
Deep to our hearts went each imploring gaze,
Which oft we saw thee to thy parents raise ;

But all in vain ; we wept ; we saw thy tears ;
Death heeded not our watchings, griefs, and fears,
But sternly quelled, regardless of thy cry,
Thy struggling heart, and quenched thy lovely eye.

Sister much loved ! Although thy days were few,
And He, who gave thee, soon that gift withdrew,
Unchanged, thine infant beauty is impressed
Deeply within the chambers of my breast ;
And oft, where willows guard thine early sleep,
I linger near, and o'er thine ashes weep ;
Recall what thou wast once, what would be now,
If ripened womanhood had graced thy brow,
And fondly think, when I too take my flight,
Once more to meet thee in the realms of light.

And it is ever thus. Frail man shall die ;
Strength quit his limbs, and light desert his eye ;
But there's a shore, when life's poor hour is past,
Which welcomes home the wanderer at last.
Deserted and forlorn, a friendly hand
Shall guide the Christian to that better land ;
No longer doomed in earth's dim realms to stray,
Where storms affright, and shadows clothe the way.
See ! How he mounts aloft, his perils o'er,
Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more ;
Where, in the glories of that brighter sphere,
The sigh is hushed, and banished every tear.

Thus taught the village Pastor, on whose tongue,
Deeply attent, my youth and childhood hung,
As venerable man, he loved to trace,
In contrast to our woes, a Saviour's grace.

I recollect him well. In yonder wood,
Shut from the world, his humble mansion stood ;
Scarce to the passing stranger's eye betrayed,
Amid the mountain ash and sumac's shade.
He loved his sacred work ; but well he knew,
'T was no small task, his Saviour bade him do ;
A task, which claimed whate'er he had of power,
The daily discipline, the midnight hour.
In solitude, remote from public care,
He strove by faith, by penitence, and prayer,
To purify the troubled heart within,
And thus reproved more bold the people's sin ;
'Till from his lips his warnings and advice
Came with the power of mandates from the skies.

But deem him not unkind ; he shared the love
Of those whom duty called him to reprove ;
For when stern justice spoke in tones severe,
He yet to Pity gave the willing tear.
The poor ne'er failed to find in him a friend,
Ready his counsel, care, and aid to lend.
The great and rich revered him, for they saw
His heart was fixed in heaven, and heaven his law ;
And when at times he walked the public street,
The children came the holy man to greet,
And from his lips, still to their office true,
A father's prayer, a father's blessing drew.

When on the bed of death his flock were laid,
And turned to human art in vain for aid,
When friends, who shed the agonizing tear,
Around that bed of death were gathered near,

We saw him oft to that dread scene repair,
And lift to heaven the humbly fervent prayer.
In life and death one object he pursued,
To check the vicious, and build up the good,
To pour the light upon the darkened mind,
To guide the wretch to vicious paths inclined,
And mid the maze of life to point the way,
That upward leads to heaven's unclouded day.

Youth lasts not always ; suns and stars roll on ;
And scarce its bliss is tasted, ere 't is gone.
I older grew, and then it was my care
For riper life and duty to prepare ;
And moving on a more extended plan,
To lay aside the boy, and act the man.
Still rises to my thought that saddened day,
Which broke my dreams, and called me far away,
To leave (I left them not without a tear,)
All I had honored, loved, and held most dear.
As I went forth and viewed the glorious sun,
And looked, where wild Cocheco's waters run,
And gazed upon each loved and chosen scene,
The ancient wood, the ornamented green,
And heard once more the birds and bounding rill,
And saw the lambs, that gamboled on the hill,
What days and years into that moment came,
Gleamed at the melting eye, and shook the frame.
Thoughts, troubled and o'ercharged, my bosom swell ;
I sadly turned, and sighed a long farewell.

Sadly and slow, I sought the Cottage door,
Ere I depart, to taste its bliss once more ;

But vainly strove, dear as it was, to find
A solace for my grieved, desponding mind.
There stood around, (it shames me not to tell,)
Brothers and sisters, whom I loved full well ;
Who, as they saw, not soon to see again,
Showed in their sorrowed looks, the inward pain.
Nor they alone : yet other friends were near,
To give the warm embrace, the frequent tear,
And sadly to lament, too dear to list,
The joys, that blessed them, now forever past.

But ere, a pilgrim to another land,
I bade Adieu, and gave the parting hand,
My watchful Mother called me from the rest,
With heart unchanged, her warmest love expressed ;
Nor let me go, till from its place she drew
A Bible, kept for this last interview.
Take, my dear child, she said, this Sacred Book,
And often in its page of wisdom look.
Make this your counsellor, and though you be
Far from your home, and far, too far, from me,
I will not fear. Let this your ways control,
And to its teachings lend your inmost soul ;
Then shall your Mother's gladdened heart be blest,
Her griefs subdued, her anxious thoughts at rest.

My Mother ! I began with thee my strain ;
To thee I turn my changeless heart again.
Though not in all the same, as thou wast then,
When forth I tried the troubled haunts of men,
For age, that comes to all, hath come to thee,
With kindling eye less bright, and step less free,

Thou didst not ever, and thou couldst not prove
One throb diminished from a mother's love.
And thou hast had thy sorrows. He is gone,
And left thee in thy widowhood alone,
Who bore with thee the burden of the day,
Who watched with thee thy children's infant play,
Who, loved and honored, though unknown to fame,
Sustained the Husband's and the Father's name.
I too will weep, for I have deeply known
The love, that in his life and aspect shone.
Blest, sacred form, that, ever placed by thine,
Survives and brightens in the spirit's shrine !
But let me not forget, the shaft for me,
Not meant for one alone, had wounds for thee ;
And that my watchful thoughts and cares are due
To her, who far the deeper sorrow knew.
Yes, let me come, and in thy weary age,
Attempt that hidden anguish to assuage,
And grateful, with a pious hand to bring
(Such as I may,) my filial offering.

The Bible ! from thine own loved hand I took,
Wet with a Mother's tears, the sacred Book.
'T was the last gift, when from thy sight I drew,
To venture forth on doubtful scenes and new.
And thou was kind : that Book hath done me good,
Many an inward evil hath subdued,
Taught me the nature of the world to see,
The frailness of its hopes, its vanity,
And from the scenes around me turned mine eye
To other scenes and mansions in the sky.
There may I meet with thee ; be that our home,
No more to sorrow, never more to roam ;

There are the bowers, whose bloom shall ne'er decay,
While all inferior glories fade away ;
There shall the wanderers meet, the weary there,
In songs of everlasting triumph share.

Vanity of Human Pursuits.

I.

ON yonder sunny hills, when summer's prime
With leaf and flower the blooming earth hath strowed,
The bees return from beds of rose and thyme,
Solicitous to house the fragrant load.
See, how the labor rages far and wide,
And hurried murmers fill the peopled air !
So busy men rush forth from side to side ;
For weary foot and hand they take no care ;
But dig, and build, and reap, all rushing here and there.

II.

'T is work and bustle, strife and turmoil rude ;
The object various, wealth, enjoyment, power ;
No matter what, 't is ever well pursued ;
They tug, they strive, they sweat their little hour.
As when Wyandot Indians, one and all,
Far in the woody depths of Michigan,
Are gathered to their favorite game of ball,
'T is running, pushing, shrieking, " catch who can,"
And he, who scrambles best, is every inch a man.

III.

Some lift the sail, and launching from the shore,
To distant lands their venturous arts proclaim.
Some dig the earth, and clutch the shining ore,
And with their golden ingots build a name.
Some lend an ear to loud Ambition's cry.
Various the means, but self the mighty end.
Whate'er the many methods, which they try,
To this they all, with faithful instinct bend.
"This is the Ball they kick ;" for this one prize contend.

IV.

I would not say, that all alike are found
Restricted to this low and selfish aim ;
That none have power to take the upward bound,
And kindred with a higher purpose claim.
There are some chosen ones ; but few, alas !
The multitude rush on the general way.
Lift up thine eye, and see them as they pass ;
All have their mark, and easy 't is to say,
Where, in the mighty rout, each shall his name display.

V.

First come, with hurried gait, the motley tribe,
Sallow and lean, the men of fees and rent,
Who add to what they earn, the secret bribe,
And call it but another " cent per cent."
With pen suspended on the knowing ear,
And spectacles astride, they con their book ;
But when the sudden fall of stocks they hear,
What heaven of joy doth fill their altered look ;
They dart like hungry pikes, and catch the baited hook.

VI.

Thus is the shearer shorn, the catcher caught ;
With features long and grim they hurry back ;
But still, alike by loss and gain untaught,
Once more their plodding CEREBRUM they rack,
Their ledger and their day-book fingering still ;
And bone and muscle, heart and conscience wear.
And what good end or purpose to fulfill ?
'Tis answered in a word. This life of care
Shall gratify the lusts of some mean, spendthrift heir.

VII.

And there are those of "Epicurus' stye,"
A mighty brood, poor children of the dust.
Oh, who will show us any good, they cry,
Not mental good, but which subserves to lust ?
They press the ruddy goblet to the lip ;
"Wine merry makes the heart," at once they sing ;
And then they laughing take the other sip ;
When, lo, the arches high "uproarious" ring,
And he, who's clothed in rags, is every inch a king.

VIII.

Pleasure they call their God, and sure it is ;
But fire-eyed adders lurk within their bowl.
See how the spotted monsters turn and hiss ;
Then fierce and sudden sting the wretch's soul.
And who will help them now ? They shriek, they run ;
But find, alas, too mighty is their chain ;
Before another day's declining sun,
They seek the haunts of revelry again.
They drink the pleasure first, then howling rue the pain.

IX.

Go where they dwell, when revelry is o'er,
 And mark what other sorrows crown their sin ;
 Slow on its rusty hinges creaks the door,
 And all is dirt and raggedness within.
 A single brand is smouldering on the hearth ;
 The wretched mother sits in silence there ;
 Her children show no bliss, no wonted mirth ;
 Their mouths are hungry, and their limbs are bare ;
 The stupid father nods, drunk in his broken chair.

X.

“ Fair laughs the morn,” and pleasant is the breeze,
 And yonder rolls the “ Bay of Biscay, O !”
 Thus sings the sailor, as he treads the seas,
 And mountain high his gallant bark doth go.
 ’T is his upon the ocean’s path to roam ;
 Through flood and storm, with jolly heart he steers,
 And little cares he for his father’s home,
 And little thinks he of his mother’s tears,
 Who held him on her knees, and kissed his childish years.

XI.

“ The world is all before him,” where to seek
 From every land its congregated spoil.
 Now waves his flag o'er distant Mozambique,
 Now floats triumphant at the seven-mouthed Nile,
 Where Cæsar sat at Cleopatra’s side.
 Anon behold him in his ceasless flight,
 Bounding along with favoring wind and tide,
 Where Syrian shepherds watch the starry night,
 Or “ where Chineses drive their cany wagons light.”

XII.

Vain man ! He thinks not of the Higher Power,
 Whose hand controls the mighty ocean's roar.
 Alas ! He comes in no propitious hour,
 And smites thee in thy glory, ship and store.
 Yes, ere to-morrow's blazing sun shall set,
 The ocean, that should bear thee as a friend,
 No longer laughing like a rivulet,
 Shall plank and mast and sail and cable rend,
 And thou, a drowning fly, thy little life shalt end.

XIII.

Next comes the Soldier, mark'd with scratch and scar,
 Preceded loud with clang ing trump and drums ;
 The mob recoil before this God of War,
 And throw their caps : " the conquering hero comes."
 Slow move his coursers ; he, with laurelled head,
 Bends low, and utters meek some grateful word,
 And then, as if to rouse the sleeping dead,
 The multitude, to slavish homage stirred,
 Make yet again their throat with horrid uproar heard.

XIV.

And why is all this humble homage given ?
 The suppliant knee, the tributary eye ?
 Why ring the arches of the troubled heaven,
 When thus a fellow mortal passes by ?
 Alas, what folly marks this idle state,
 And most of all, in those who plaudits give.
 'T is true the silly world have called him great,
 And deem his glorious name shall ever live.
 But what reward shall he from Virtue's hand receive !

XV.

Oh, think of those, who far in humble life,
 In shaded vales and silent woods remote,
 Reap not the laurels of the sanguine strife,
 Hail not the plaudits of the trumpet's note ;
 But weep their brothers lost, their husbands slain,
 To sad and unavailing grief a prey.
 They call the loved one's name, but all in vain ;
 They cannot, cannot wake the lifeless clay ;
 Then flow their tears once more ; their thoughts are far
 away.

XVI.

The scene expands before affection's eyes ;
 Low on the earth their soldier bows his head ;
 No sister's love receives his dying cries,
 No mother's care protects his dying bed.
 No more for him his mountain birds shall sing ;
 No more for him the vales resound with joy.
 He dies. His life is broken at its spring.
 Farewell, a long farewell, poor, bleeding boy !
 "The conquering hero comes !" He comes but to destroy.

XVII.

Now mark the Politician, grave and shrewd,
 Who hath his cautious, well-conn'd scroll by rote.
 When storms against the ship of state intrude,
 He lifts aloud his patriotic throat.
 He hath no private aims, forgets himself,
 For others toils, and dares the dubious fight,
 Till in some luckless hour the shining pelf
 Pours on his patriot eye another light,
 Then, like the owl at noon, he huddles out of sight.

XVIII.

Not so with others. Onward still they strive,
Progressing o'er the high, official stairs,
Till at the highest round they, pleased, arrive ;
Anon, some other cometh unawares,
And jerks them down, with horrid uproar vast ;
Chaos itself is moved, as far and wide
The headlong multitude are sprawling cast,
And kick, and foam, and roll from side to side,
Till, lo, in yonder ditch, they plunging deep, abide.

XIX.

Not all are such. There are some nobler names
Inscribed upon the great Historic page,
Which blazons forth to all mankind their claims
To honor and renown, from age to age.
Not men, (alas, too many such are known,) Who, thumping on the rostral board, elate,
Proclaim their country's good, "but mean their own;"
And while they seem to save the sinking State,
With self-regarding eye, on their own fortunes wait.

XX.

Yes, there are some, who, shunning party strife,
That shakes too oft the mighty Common-weal,
Have nobly pledged their honor and their life,
The public griefs, the nation's wounds to heal.
When clouds came lowering o'er their native soil,
And blackness veiled her glory's rising sun,
They ready stood to suffer and to toil,
And thus the amaranthine laurel won ;
Such were the virtuous Jay, the patriot Madison.

XXI.

Down in his six feet dungeon, under ground,
 Or raised, perchance, to attic story high,
 He, with his shrunk and dusty form, is found,
 Whose task it is, in musty books to pry,
 The Scholar, seeking learning's treasured spoil.
 Strange is the weary life, which he hath led ;
 He hath a midnight lamp, and little oil ;
 He hath a staff, a mug, an ancient bed,
 And many spiders weave their curtains o'er his head.

XXII.

Upon his shelf the great Manetho stands,
 And eke Sanchoniathon, "cheek by jowl,"
 And when he turns them with his trembling hands,
 Demure he looks, and wise, as any owl.
 Stuffed, on the walls, a lizard doth preside,
 And, pendant from a nail, a brick, that came
 From Babylon and great Euphrates' tide.
 With such as this, perchance the very same,
 Was Babel's tower raised up, to make to men a name.

XXIII.

And thus he delves, and at his finger's ends,
 All time, all knowledge, and all arts are sure ;
 But never once an outward look he bends
 On that great Book, where knowledge shall endure ;
 Nature's material aspect, pure and bright,
 And what is more, the priceless heart of man.
 To that blest page, his soul is dark as night ;
 He knoweth not the Great Creator's plan ;
 But ragged parchments pores, and it is all he can.

XXIV.

The poet, too, doth ply his thankless trade,
 And drain, with leaky pen, his addled brain.
 Poor man ! Upon the couch of phrenzy laid,
 What dreams and airy sights ! what joys, what pain !
 Then rising quick, he snatches fierce his quill,
 To pour once more his fancy's products forth,
 Scribbling in haste, till he his page doth fill
 With forms and extacies of sudden birth,
 Then conning o'er, he stares, to find it little worth.

XXV.

But try again. The Delphic height once more,
 With strugglings hard and frantic steps, ascend ;
 Beneath his feet the dashing torrents roar,
 Above, the rainbows and the lightnings blend.
 Extatic he ! And strives to image fair,
 In fitting words, what Nature shows sublime ;
 But all in vain ; it vanishes in air.
 He topples headlong ; and the stream of time
 Doth drown him in its gulphs, his honor and his rhyme.

XXVI.

But there are some, who gain the topmost height,
 Where Glory hath its never dying ray,
 And, like the mystic angel, clothed in light,*
 Reveal their robes of everlasting day.
 Sons of the genuine lyre ! whose magic song,
 Coined from the heart, and to the heart consigned,
 Borne forth on “ winged words,” a chosen throng,
 Reveals the deep, the universal mind ;
 And such pass not away, the honor of their kind.

* *Revelations, 19, 17.*

XXVII.

So various are the projects men pursue ;
So worthless oft the objects here below !
But is there nought for human hands to do ?
Shall all be deemed a false, illusive show ?
Is mortal life no more than trodden weeds,
And faithless, as the rise and fall of stocks ?
Oh, no ! There's yet the man, the plough that speeds ;
The shepherd still is seated on the rocks,
And like the Patriarchs old, protects and guides his flocks.

XXVIII.

And what is more, there's yet the secret place
Of him, who speaks to great Jehovah's ear ;
Remote from noise, he runs his godly race,
From men apart, but to his Maker near.
Behold the splendors of the rising sun !
Behold the blessings of the falling rain !
Such are the gifts his fervent prayers have won,
And mental dews and light complete his gain.
Unhonored though he be, he doth not live in vain.

XXIX.

Perchance, all beneficial arts are well,
When followed with a conscientious eye,
When what is done shall favorably tell,
However small, on vast Eternity.
First let the secret heart be right ; and then,
Ascendant o'er the things of time and sense,
Thou shalt not fear the gibes of sordid men,
Whate'er thy task, but have a sure defence
In one o'er-ruling Power, a righteous Providence.

XXX.

America! My own, my native land!
To thee my bosom turns with fondness true.
Wouldst thou in future days in honor stand,
And bear thy flag, where never yet it flew,
Then seek thy glory, not in treasured gold,
And seek it less in blood and widow's tears,
But rather from the men, the plough who hold,
And him, who truth and piety reveres.
Thus firmly shalt thou dwell through all the coming years.

American Cottage Life.

Under this title we propose to present to the reader a series of poems, which have for their object to give some idea of American rural life as it is ; and especially when elevated and purified by religious influences. To do this with poetical spirit, and at the same time with near conformity to the truth, it must be admitted, is no easy task. But we hope the attempt has been so far attended with success, that the reader will at least find reason for increased attachment to his favored country, and to her domestic and religious manners and institutions.

(I.) THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

The moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.
Hart-leap Well, Wordsworth.

I.

Happy the man, not doomed afar to roam,
In distant lands, beneath a foreign sky,
Who hath a humble and secluded home,
Bathed by the little brook that prattles by,
With trees begirt, and birds that warble nigh.
He, as he sitteth in his humble state,
Hath little cause for earth's poor gauds to sigh ;
He needs not envy whom the world calls great,
Who live in splendid house, with men that on them wait.

II.

The king upon a throne a sceptre wields,
The cotter for a sceptre wields a hoe ;
But kings have griefs, which he, who tills the fields
In humble honesty, doth never know.
He, who through life in quietness would go,
Far from the noisy world his way will keep,
Beside the streams in solitude that flow,
Contented with his little flock of sheep,
Nor seek, in Glory's paths, her fading wreaths to reap.

III.

Far to the woodland haunts I turn mine eye,
Nor longer in the troubled world remain,
Where I have known no sweets of liberty,
And seeming joy hath turned to real pain.
Welcome to wood, to mountain, and to plain,
To silent streams, and forests reaching wide !
But chiefly guide my weary step again
To youth's rude scenes, Cocheco's gushing tide,
And that old Cottage, once that graced its verdant side.

IV.

Meekly arose its moss-besprinkled wall,
Where broad and green the elm majestic bore
Its branches o'er it, overshadowing all
The space around its hospitable door ;
Within, might one behold its little store,
The plates well ranged, the shelves that neatly graced,
The chairs of oak upon the sanded floor,
The wheel industrious in its corner placed,
The clock, "that hourly told, how life runs on to waste."

V.

Once more the pensive eve with silent tread
Returns to hush the noisy world to peace ;
Once more the Farmer seeks his humble shed,
Glad from his daily toil to gain release,
His task accomplished and his heart at ease,
And hails betimes the Fireside of his Cot ;
And there, as from the hills the shades increase,
" The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"
He tastes the simple joys, that soothe his quiet lot.

VI.

His patient herd, ere set the beams of day,
With lowings oft alarmed the neighboring plain ;
Now penned within the well known bars, they pay
Their milky tribute to his pails again.
His flocks upon the distant hill remain,
Their tinkling bells sound in the passing wind ;
Though small the limits of his rude domain,
Yet fails he not a due supply to find,
From lowing herd and field, and from the bleating kind.

VII.

To greet him home the crackling fagots burn ;
The housewife, busy round the blazing fire,
Cheers with her smiles her husband's loved return.
His children climb around their honored sire,
And to his fond caress once more aspire ;
Inquisitive, they ask of each far field,
Whether its hills than their own cliffs are higher ?
What wonders there of cascade are revealed ?
What flowers enchanting bloom, what gifts the moun-
tains yield ?

VIII.

The smiling Father in his turn inquires,
What sights of joy hath bright-eyed Mary seen ?
The kind, parental look her voice inspires,
And she doth tell, where o'er their plat of green
The elm erects its sun-excluding screen,
She watched the lambs, and saw them at their play ;
Nor had they long at their rude gambols been,
Ere two small birds, perched on a little spray,
Proud of their wings of red, poured forth their pretty lay.

IX.

Her father's knee his Mary soon surmounts,
Around his neck her tender arms she throws ;
From her bright eyes, as from celestial founts,
The laughing light through locks of darkness glows.
Nor she alone. He on them all bestows
Alike his kisses, and alike his tears,
Who bloomed, (on autumn's bosom like the rose,
' Mid cold and storm its loveliness that rears,)
To cheer his riper age, and deck his vale of years.

X.

To him, how blessed the daylight's closing gleam,
The hour, that ushers bliss supremely dear,
When bright his hearth expands its evening beam,
And needed rest succeeds to toil severe !
The cricket chirps his humble home to cheer ;
The cheerful blaze illumines the white-washed wall ;
Bowed on the hearth the wearied dog sleeps near ;
The playful kitten, round and round, the ball
Urges with active sport, unmindfully of all.

XI.

The children, too, disposed to childish mirth,
Their busy laugh and prattle do not spare.
Such sounds of joy, such sports around his hearth,
Scenes, which each eve returning doth repair,
Charm from the farmer's breast corroding care,
And banish it to "blank oblivion foul."
Hark! Loud and startling through the misty air,
The prowling wolf resumes his nightly howl,
And from the hollow oak is heard the muffled owl.

XII.

How oft I sought that distant, lonely cot!
A grandam dwelt there, when my days were young,
And there, when Christmas logs blazed red and hot,
And wintry blasts their nightly descant sung,
My soul attentive on her lips has hung,
As spoke she oft of dreadful deeds of yore,
How savage men with savage fury sprung
Upon the lonely cot, and tides of gore
Were shed, as when the clouds their vernal treasures pour.

XIII.

Her hands were withered as an autumn's leaf,
Her cheeks were like a parched and shriveled scroll;
In truth she'd seen, though life at best be brief,
No less than eighty years their circuits roll,
And friends and kindred reach their earthly goal;
And sitting by her busy wheel to spin,
While swift the hours at evening onward stole,
We teased her oft some story to begin,
And as she slowly moved her old, projecting chin,

XIV.

Of Chieftains of the olden years she told,
Of Hopehood's wars and Paugus' frantic yell ;
And, as her lips those bloody deeds unfold,
And as, with upturned gaze, we heard her tell,
Unconsciously the chrystal tear-drops fell ;
For, from our infancy we 'd heard and read
Of chiefs from Canada, and knew full well
Of Sachem's wrath, that feasted on the dead,
And shook the haughty plume, and arm with life-blood red.

XV.

Oh, who can tell to what a storm of grief,
In those sad days our father's hearts were bared !
They were no common sorrows, few and brief,
For capture wasted what the sword had spared.
Yet strong in faith, for each event prepared,
To live or die, as God should order how,
The griefs and dangers of their lot they dared,
They walked in joy and glory with the plough,
And at the throne of God did morn and evening bow.

XVI.

Deem it not strange such recollections fill
With feelings new and strong the youthful mind ;
They make e'en seared and aged bosoms thrill,
And mourn the woes that fall on human kind.
One evening to that cot my steps inclined,
The giant elm-tree waved before its door,
The frowning clouds were driven before the wind,
The distant cataract was heard to roar,
And pale the tranquil moon, as wave on ocean's shore.

XVII.

There, too, a soldier bent his nightly way,
('T was long ago,) one of "the Old French War,"
Who carried proof of fierce and bloody fray
Upon his visage, marked with seam and scar ;
Weary his step, for he had wandered far,
The locks upon his silvered head were few,
His eye was like the winter's clouded star,
But much that eye had seen, and much he knew,
Though now his frame was bent, and towards the grave
he drew.

XVIII.

The sturdy staff, that in his hand he bore,
Was parted from an oak, whose branches spread
Near wild Cocheoco's oft remembered roar ;
And turning to the cottage door his tread,
Though old and weary, well his purpose sped.
The farmer hailed him to his lone abode,
Gave him a portion of his cup and bread,
And soon, forgetful of the tedious road,
How fields were lost and won, the aged soldier showed.

XIX.

He told the deeds of Abraham's blood-red plain,
Where, as their standards flashed upon the gale,
The rival warriors fell like summer's rain,
And shouts were heard, triumphant songs, and wail ;
Not unto him a visionary tale ;
For, where the wide St. Lawrence winds his way,
He fought with Wolfe, called from his native vale,
And dark Piscatawa's glades of green array,
To cross the mountains blue to distant Canada.

XX.

Full well he knew the cruelties of strife,
For, as he trod, with blood-red foot, the field,
He saw full many in the morn of life,
Their parents' hope, to death and darkness sealed.
Alas, what woes that dreadful day revealed !
The day, when fell the chivalrous Montcalm.
And then more loud the trump its war-note pealed ;
And, (withered be the hand that wrought such harm,)
Soon Wolfe sunk bleeding low, nerveless his mighty arm.

XXI.

Thus did the bowed old man, with hoary head,
Relate the sad and stormy times of yore,
When jealous France and England madly shed
Upon the deserts of this Western shore,
As it were worthless dust, their bosom's gore.
So prompt are men, from pride or lust of gain,
Whate'er they have, still seeking after more,
To scoff at love, and justice to profane,
And with a brother's blood a brother's hand to stain.

XXII.

But though such tales were heard with many a tear,
And mem'ry, fancy, feeling all possessed,
Yet soon, in truth, the gayety and cheer
That ever animate the youthful breast,
By solemn thoughts, unconquered, unsuppressed,
Awoke in sports anew ; the slipper's sound,
By youth and village maiden ne'er at rest,
Was driven through the circle round and round,
And every cheek did smile, and every heart did bound.

XXIII.

E'en the old soldier felt his bosom thrill
With memory of scenes, that erst he knew ;
His mind the visions of his childhood fill,
And as around the room the children flew
At Blind-Man's Buff, he would have joined them too,
But age to youth will not wing back its flight ;
To sit and smile was all that he could do,
While he, who blinded was, to left and right
Rushed wildly round the room, and caught them as he
might.

XXIV.

At blind-man's buff, who hath not often played,
At pledges oft the moments to beguile,
When sober evening lends her peaceful shade,
When heart replies to heart, and smile to smile ?
The hearth is burdened with the oaken pile,
Such as New England's forests well can spare ;
Still flies the slipper round ;—a few meanwhile
The warriors of the chequer-board prepare,
The garrulous old folk draw, round the fire, the chair.

XXV.

But now the white moon, through the clouds revealed,
Doth tread the topmost arches of the sky ;
The Farmer's cot, the cultivated field,
The brook, the plain, the mountain soaring high,
Beneath her beams in wild profusion lie.
The dog upon the ground hath lain his breast,
Stilled is his howl, and sealed his restless eye ;
The sturdy wood-cutter hath gone to rest ;
The flock is on the hill, the bird is on the nest.

XXVI.

Farewell, thou cottage, for 't is late at eve,
Farewell, ye scenes to memory ever dear !
Now old, and youth, and maiden take their leave,
Their 'kerchiefs wave, and with adieu sincere,
The rural company soon disappear ;
Some through yon scattered woods, that skirt the moor,
Some to yon mountains, craggy, bold, and drear,
And by the *Fireside* of the cot once more,
Devotion lifts her voice, as she was wont of yore.

XXVII.

The thoughtful farmer reads the Sacred Book,
Then with the wife and children of his heart,
With solemn soul and reverential look,
He humbly kneels, as is the Christian's part,
And worships Thee, our Father, Thee, who art
The good man's hope, the poor man's only stay ;
Who hast a balm for sorrow's keenest dart,
A smile for those, to thee who humbly pray,
Which, like the morning sun, drives every cloud away.

XXVIII.

Thou, Lord of Heaven above, and earth below,
Our maker, friend, our guardian, and our all,
The Farmer keep from every want and woe,
Nor let the thunderbolts, that most appall,
Of righteous vengeance, dreadful on him fall ;
With him preserve his dear, his native land ;
A cloud be round her, and a fiery wall,
In innocence and honor let her stand, —
And centuries yet to come, oh, hold her in thy hand.

American Cottage Life.

(II.) THE HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

[A few miles back of the early residence of the writer, is a range of beautiful mountains. They are gradual in their ascent, and in some places cultivated to the top. They are inhabited by an industrious and intelligent, and, for the most part, a religious people. These mountains were the scene of the writer's youthful visits; and it was his good fortune to become acquainted with some of the inhabitants. It is the object of the following Poem to embody some of the pleasing impressions to which that acquaintance gave rise.]

I.

I, who with other scenes familiar grown,
Have spent my days amid the city's strife,
Too long to rugged hills and woods unknown,
Have learnt at last the joys of cottage life,
The hardy toil, the form inspired with health,
The warmth of friendship, and the guileless ways.
Ye, who in vain seek happiness in wealth,
Attentive, meditate my simple lays,
Inspired by truth, perchance, if wanting other praise.

II.

Up, from the mart of busy commerce flee,
Its pomp and jarring tumult leave behind ;
When birds are singing in the summer's tree,
Or Autumn comes his golden sheaves to bind.
Go forth amid the forest and the rocks,
And there untarnished truth and virtue trace ;
As thou shalt see the shepherd with his flocks,
Or scan, as I do now, the ploughman's race,
Or, at the cottage hearth, shalt mingle face to face.

III.

'T was thus I onward fared, one summer's day,
Where rising hills in native grandeur spread ;
Lonely and far the path ascending lay,
That upward to the Farmer's dwelling led.
The merry birds poured forth their various song ;
The squirrel on the hazel took his seat ;
The bubbling brooks danced rapidly along,
And filled the forest with their echoes sweet,
As through the woods I went, my rural friend to meet.

IV.

Nor was the meeting void of friendship's truth,
Repressed by selfishness, or marred by fears ;
For we had known each other in our youth,
And youthful love had grown with riper years.
His Home was in the Mountains. Far from noise,
And undisturbed by grandeur's gaudy scene,
He, with his wife and children, had his joys,
Calm as their mountain sunset's ray serene,
Although, perchance, at times, some clouds may intervene.

V.

His bliss was not in Idleness, 't is true.
(On that dull tree true pleasure will not grow.)
The Farmer ever had his work to do,
And wanton days and slothful, did not know.
The sun, that doth no sluggard's part fulfill,
What time it decks the sky with earliest red,
And scales with dewy step the eastern hill,
Ne'er found him useless in the loiterer's bed,
But forth, with men and boys, where toil and duty led.

VI.

Uprose the sun, and "uprose Emily;"
Thus English Chaucer sung in days of old.
Uprose the sun; nor was less pleased to see
The Farmer's daughters, with his eye of gold.
The morning maids were at their milking pail;
And soon the cows, obedient to their word,
Regained, in lengthened row, the distant vale;
And all around, to higher anthems stirred,
From glittering bush and tree, sung loud the early bird.

VII.

The maids, if right I saw, were well content,
Nor envied aught the sport and splendor found
Among the gay, the proud, the opulent.
Far other cares they knew. The daily round
Of household duties occupied their thought;
The churn, the wheel, and to the parent pair,
By Nature's strong unerring instinct taught,
They fondly gave their homage and their care.
Such were their useful toils, such humble joys they share.

VIII.

One ruling wish they had. It was to spend
Upon their native hills their peaceful days,
Where they had known the neighbor and the friend,
A parent's fondness, and a brother's praise.
" Still to our hearts our native hills are dear,"
Thus sung they oft by murmuring brook and tree,
Where, with their gossip maids they sit and hear,
At sultry noon or starlight shining free,
Of all their sports and toils, the humble history.

IX.

Those, who are pent in sylvan scenes apart,
Whene'er they meet, have ever much to say ;
Their words bear not the stamp of polished art,
Nor are they such, as higher minds might sway.
But though their speech is not of things that thrill,
And bring sad shadows o'er the throbbing brow,
'T is such as may a Cotter's fancy fill,
Though but the story of his faithful plough,
Or of his petted lamb, or luckless wandering cow.

X.

Sometimes the sheep, that stray, ne'er come again ;
Sometimes the fox invades the garden's bound ;
Or sudden winds have vexed the standing grain,
Or blown, alas, the village steeple down.
But all such things shall pass, as they have come,
And every shadow from the memory flee,
When Lucy's brother from the town comes home,
And Jeannie's lad returns from o'er the sea,
To rest from toil awhile, in mountain liberty.

XI.

'T is ever thus. The ties of friend and kin
Are found most strong and most with pleasure rife,
Among the dwellings of the poor, and in
The unambitious walks of rural life.
With woods around them, waters at their feet,
With flowers beneath, and fragrance in the air,
'T is not in vain, that they each other meet;
Not one, that has a pleasure or a care,
But calls a kindred heart, that joy or grief to share.

XII.

The restless steers are fastened to the wain;
(I marked them ere they went their sounding way;)
The early ditcher seeks the fields again,
With shovel glancing in the morning ray.
With bag and barley from the threshing-floor,
The slow-paced horse expands his loaded side.
The feathered group surround the cottage door,
And Mary, with her basin well supplied,
Forth from her little hand their portion doth divide.

XIII.

Far in the noisy woods, the bleating sheep
Ascend the rocks, and breathe the upland air.
The fair-haired William there his watch doth keep,
Too young as yet, a higher charge to share.
Nor outward sights alone refresh the eye,
Nor outward labors to the heart appeal;
The elder Jane her constant task doth ply,
Within the cottage-walls, with cheerful zeal,
And, singing rural songs, still turns her murmuring wheel.

XIV.

Such are the scenes, that Mountain homes unfold ;
The history such of those who till the land.
Forth in the fields the Cotter's self behold
Behind his plough, with persevering hand.
Nor deem it a disgrace the plough to guide :
Did not great Cincinnatus till the ground,
He, who the hostile Volsci scattered wide ?
The Seer Elisha, at the plough was found ;
The plough, that reverence claims the mighty world
around.

XV.

I venerate the man the plough who speeds,
The independent tiller of the soil,
Who, boasting not of vainly glorious deeds,
Yet scorns to live by other people's toil.
Though all unnoticed in ambition's strife,
Which, with its noisy war doth wide resound,
There's yet a pleasure in the Ploughman's life,
A bliss, attendant on the cultured ground,
Which kings and Cæsars seek, but never yet have found.

XVI.

And then at eve behold him at his hearth,
Planning the duties of the coming morn ;
How one shall wield the axe or spade the earth,
Another's task to till the tender corn :
Around him sit the peaceful household train ;
And he, by Nature's right, their guide and head.
Than this, what juster power, or glorious reign !
The lads marked well whate'er the father said,
By his experience taught, and by his wisdom led.

XVII.

And if at times the children leave their home,
In village near, some little wealth to earn,
The heart, untraveled, hath no power to roam,
Nor long the time which sees them all return.
Fair shines their cottage to the mental sight,
And pleasures blossom in their mountain air.
Scarce does the week resign its parting light,
When, with a love unchanged, they forth repair,
And hail their happy hearth, its wonted blessings share.

XVIII.

And thus in solitude, yet not alone,
They have their joys and duties day by day ;
To them unchanging Honor's path is known,
Though shut from noisy Glory's towering way.
Their feelings deep ; if pensive, yet sincere ;
And when they meet, poured through each other's mind,
In answering smiles, or sympathizing tear ;
With power too great for outward forms to bind,
And pure as they are strong, though not by art refined.

XIX.

And on some pleasant days, in shaded walks,
They wander far, when hills and woods are green ;
Around them is the voice of joyful flocks,
And flowers, and sounding waters grace the scene.
Yes, there are those, the pure and high of soul,
Whose passions, by a Holy Power subdued,
Are won to virtue's wise and just control ;
And such, though deemed in outward manners rude,
Shall drink, from Nature's works, the beautiful and good.

XX.

And Nature is to them a living thing,
Food to the heart and beauty to the eye ;
The hill, the mossy tree, the bubbling spring,
The bud, the flower, the Autumn's mellow sky,
Awake the moral thought and sympathy.
The bird goes singing up, its joy revealing ;
The gilded insect passes buzzing by ;
The quiet bee, o'er beds of flowerets stealing ;
All share their joyful eye, all wake their better feeling.

XXI.

Those, whom religious life hath given to know
The right, the pure, the honest, and the fair,
Have a new power. In all above, below,
In heaven and earth, the waters and the air,
There's a new glow of beauty. God's revealed ;
The high, entranced eye of Faith can see,
(No longer by the earth's dim shadows sealed,)
The bright effulgence of the Deity,
The glory now that is, the greater that shall be.

XXII.

That glory shines in every planet's ray ;
'T is sounding forth in every blessed rill ;
Upon the winged winds it makes its way,
O'er blooming valley, and o'er frowning hill ;
And sends its light from all creation round.
In rural scenes, from polished arts afar,
Where Faith in all its holy power is found,
It shines with nought its lustre that may mar,
Enthroned in life and heart, the favorite guiding star.

American Cottage Life.

(III.) THE WINTER EVENING.

[The Winter Evening constitutes in the Farmer's life, more truly and emphatically than in the life of any other class of persons, a period by itself, a select season, a portion of time, known and recognized by its distinctive traits, and blessed with its peculiar pleasures. It is a season of the year, when there is, to a considerable extent, a relaxation from that constant toil, which occupies him in the more genial months. He is at home, in the bosom of his family; and in the exercise and interchange of domestic feelings enjoys a degree of humble happiness, which the wealthy and luxurious have but little conception of. We have here, therefore, a distinct and interesting subject, which, poetry, coming from a heart that can understand and fully sympathize with rural life, may properly and successfully adopt as its own.]

I.

THE summer's fading flowers have passed away,
And wintry snows invest the frozen ground;
And now, when closes fast the setting day,
The silent stars resume their nightly round;
And bright, emerging from her depths profound,
The placid moon adorns the central sky.
Oh, Winter Eve! The muse at length shall sound,
Long wont on other themes her skill to try,
Her notes, as well she may, in fitting praise of thee.

II.

The winds are hushed, and all around is calm ;
Scarce on the cold blue heavens is seen a cloud ;
Nor sudden rains nor storms, with rude alarm,
Come forth with meteor glooms the earth to shroud.
Prone in their quiet folds the sheep are bowed ;
The teamster drives abroad ; and o'er the way,
With clear, shrill bells, resounding oft and loud,
The well-wrapped traveler guides his rapid sleigh,
And merry cracks his whip, or sings his rustic lay.

III.

And see ! Along the glassy river's face,
On skates swift-gliding, or perchance without,
The village lads each other gaily chase,
And rising loud, the oft repeated shout
Of those, who tire their boon companions out,
Or pass them in the race, bursts to the sky.
Anon, while distant whirls the giddy rout,
Some neighbor lads their wits at jesting try ;
Some tell a jocund tale, some laugh out merrily.

IV.

E'en winter has its charms. How pure the glow,
That decks the pensive brow of evening's queen !
The spotless hills, adorned in robes of snow,
Ascend in light and loveliness serene.
Far in the tranquil distance may be seen
The hoary forests and the mountain pile.
Shut to the door ! The outer air is keen ;
And 'neath the cottage roof repose awhile,
Where, round its joyous hearth, the happy inmates smile.

V.

The fire is blazing with the crackling trees;
Upon the walls the dancing shadows play;
Without, is heard the sudden winter breeze,
And then more close they gird the hearth's bright ray.
The aged Father's there. His locks of gray,
In many a twine, are round his shoulders spread.
His eye beams not, as in his earlier day,
When strength and buoyant youth inspired his tread;
Yet pleasant are the joys his age doth round him shed.

VI.

For oft to fondly listening ears he traced,
How, in his youth, in distant lands and new,
He smote the soil, the rocks and woods displaced,
Until the desert to a garden grew.
And much he told, (for much forsooth he knew,)
How best to rear the sheep or lowing herd,
Of what in spring and autumn months to do;
And to his serious mind it oft occurred,
To mingle, as he spake, the monitory word.

VII.

His prompt and careful wife seemed "made of fire,"
For, round and round, she plied her rapid wheel;
She knew not at her daily task to tire,
And scarce the withering touch of age did feel.
While others pressed the couch, with wakeful zeal,
Soon as the early note of chanticleer,
Heard from the neighboring barn, renewed its peal,
She called aloud; the starting maidens hear,
And hasten to their work, ere morning gleams appear.

VIII.

A dweller here, the sturdy ditcher Tims,
True to his spade, though crowned with tresses gray ;
He, on the settle, throws his weary limbs,
(As well he might, who toilsome spends the day,)
And bids in rustic dreams his cares away.
And there was one ; he was an Orphan lad,
Who came at first in tears and mean array,
But generous friendship made his bosom glad,
And here Dick toiled by day, and here his dwelling had.

IX.

Nor these alone were there ; a numerous race,
To filial love and deeds of reverence true,
Graced from their early days their dwelling-place,
And humble arts and household duties knew.
And often, when their daily task was through,
And evening's shadows darkened in the air,
Around the hearth the sons and daughters drew ;
Of looms and distaffs these, (whate'er their care,)
Those spake of huntings, wilds, and mountains drear and
bare.

X.

If angry storms have o'er the mountains broke,
And deluged wide the fields with sudden rain ;
If lightnings, redly winged, have rent the oak,
That mighty stood, the monarch of the plain ;
If fierce the sullen wolf hath come again,
With bloody thoughts, and ready to destroy ;
These, too, (nor deem their humble converse vain,
Recurring oft, may well their thoughts employ,
And fill the social hours with sorrow or with joy.

XI.

Perhaps they listen to some ancient tale,
(What land cannot its legends rude recall ?)
Which tells of other days of grief and wail,
And sudden bids the generous tear-drop fall.
Perchance more recent themes their minds enthral,
Themes, that are sad with deep domestic woe ;
As when but lately, though adorned with all
That worth could give, or beauty's charms bestow,
The mountain maid they loved, was in the grave laid low.

XII.

Hark ! scarcely noticed, doth the noiseless door,
Unfolding soft, invite a stranger in ;
A daughter of the oft-neglected poor,
But she hath virtues that exalt and win.
They grasp her hand, as if she were their kin,
Their hearts, their hopes congenial with her own.
Soon other joys and other tales begin ;
The rural news is round the hearth made known ;
Anon the darker scenes, which memory drew, are flown.

XIII.

And well the maiden merited their praise,
As pleased they listened to her simple tone ;
Far in the wilds, 't is true, she spent her days,
Accomplished well in rural arts alone.
But none the less her sylvan beauty shone,
And guileless honor crowned her virgin heart.
Ah, little to the busy world are known
The virtue and the bliss that dwell apart,
Far from the crowded hall, and place of polished art.

XIV.

Dick in his corner sits with wondering gaze ;
Attentive he, though seldom heard to speak ;
Upon his hand his lazy chin he stays,
Distending wide his plump and steadfast cheek.
Despite his quiet aspect, rude yet meek,
He loves the song and merry tale to hear ;
And, slow the pleasant couch of rest to seek,
Though not unused to wearying toil severe,
He sometimes loudly laughs, and sometimes sheds the tear.

XV.

Placed in the great arm-chair, the Grandam sitting,
In decent cap, with spectacles astride,
Old as she is, she still is at her knitting ;
And, though by age and many sorrows tried,
Is ever last to lay her work aside.
The little Lizy, bright as flowers of spring,
And noisy, too, as birds in summer's pride,
Yields to the common joy her offering.
The faggots blaze anew, the bubbling kettles sing.

XVI.

And oft the evening's merry sports go round
In games, repeated long with fervent will.
The simple board with autumn's fruits is crowned ;
Perchance some vagrant minstrel adds his skill,
Meantime, (who else the vacant rack shall fill ?)
Doth honest Dick go forth the herd to feed ;
And whistling loud, with Rover at his heel,
Who ever follows at his master's need,
He thinks of stalking ghosts, or some mysterious deed.

XVII.

And now, when skies are clear and toils are done,
(And may that ancient custom long abide,) With joyous hearts, united all as one,
In ready sleigh, the youth and maidens glide.
They seek the plains ; they climb the hillock's side ;
Well pleased, they praise the splendors of the night,
The stars, that give the galaxy its pride,
The overhanging cliffs in robes of white,
The chaste, unclouded moon, that sheds o'er all her light.

XVIII.

The cracking thong, the tramp, the bells' rude chime,
The owl have frightened from his leafless bower,
Where hooting oft at midnight's "witching time,"
His song has added terror to that hour.
They pass the forests wide, that proudly tower ;
The wild deer lifts his arching head to hear,
High on his cliffs. Dreading the hunter's power,
The hare starts suddenly away with fear,
Then crouching to the ground, erects his sentinel ear.

IX.

Far other was the night, whose whirlwinds loud
Tossed through the troubled air the restless snow ;
Darkly on high went forth the angry cloud,
And breaking forests uttered sounds of woe.
Remote, alone, with footsteps faint and slow,
That night a HUNTER did his way pursue.
Cold o'er his track, the stormy tempests blow ;
No cot was near, his strength that might renew ;
His hands to ice congealed ; his cheeks to marble grew.

XX.

Sad victim of the storm and weary way,
He bowed his head, like one that soon shall die,
For life was breaking from its house of clay,
And light was stealing from his glassy eye.
And yet he had a home, a wife, and nigh
His cheerful hearth, were lovely children twain.
No more their heads shall on his bosom lie,
No more he'll press their ruddy lips again,
Cold is the HUNTER's breast upon the distant plain.

XXI.

But whither bends the muse her wayward flight,
Indulging thus in solemn minstrelsy ?
'T is true, when winter spreads o'er earth its blight,
And rends its bloom and fruit from field and tree,
That songs of joy may uncongenial be ;
Such as would suit, when birds are on the wing,
And leaf and flower are shining laughingly.
And yet, though sad, she will not cease to sing,
But ever, full of life, her various tribute bring.

XXII.

Then rouse the fire ; the moon is watching yet ;
And chanticleer his midnight cry delays.
Though others, pleased with modern things, forget,
Old Tims, at least, shall tell of other days.
'T is pleasant, seated round the evening blaze,
In Fancy's eye, the wonders to review
Of chieftains of the lost, the native race.
And memory yet her efforts shall renew,
And Passaconaway* sketch with tints and honors due.

* See the note, which belongs here, on the next page.

XXIII.

Son of the forest ! Child of deathless fame !
If wond'rous deeds a deathless name can win ;
Who bore aloft, where'er in wrath he came,
The club, that oft had made the battle thin,
And fearless raised the war-cry's dreadful din.
Around his painted neck terrific hung,
With dangling claws, a huge and shaggy skin ;
The curious fish-bones o'er his bosom swung,
And oft the Sachem danced, and oft the Sachem sung.

XXIV.

Strange man ! A tenant of the dusky wood,
The cave, the mountain, and the tangled glen,
He roused the hissing serpent, and pursued
The angry bear, and slew him in his den.
O'er craggy cliffs, the dread of other men,
The eagle's solitary home he sought,
And sternly tamed his mighty wing, and then
O'ertook the tall gray moose, as quick as thought,
And then the mountain cat he chased, and chasing caught.

* This is the name of a distinguished Indian Sachem, residing at the place known by the Indian name of Penacook, whose dominions, chiefly upon the banks of the Merrimack and Piscatawa rivers, were very extensive. "He excelled the other Sachems," says Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, Vol. 1, chap. 5, "in sagacity, duplicity, and moderation; but his principle qualification was his skill in some of the secret operations of nature, which gave him the reputation of a sorcerer, and extended his fame and influence among all the neighboring tribes. They believed that it was in his power to make water burn, and trees dance, and to metamorphose himself into a flame; that in winter he could raise a green leaf from the ashes of a dry one, and a living serpent from the skin of one that was dead."

XXV.

And often o'er 'Seogee's* thick-ribbed ice,
With fiercely howling wolves, trained three and three,
High seated on a sledge, made in a trice;
Of bones and skins and fitly shapen tree,
He "rode sublime," and sung right jollily.
And once upon a car of living fire,
The dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
The King of Penacook, his chief, his sire,
Borne flaming up towards heaven, than any mountain
higher.

XXVI.

Thus ever hath the muse a mingled note,
Such as all places and all times will suit.
In summer's winds her numbers gently float,
Breathed soft as sound of sighing lover's lute,
All gentleness, with stormy passions mute.
But when strong winter comes with maddening strife,
Aroused, she lays aside her shepherd's flute,
And takes the shrilling trump, the martial fife,
And sounds the stormy notes of wild, mysterious life.

XXVII.

Those youthful days are gone! And with them fled
The scenes, the sports, that soothed my simple heart;
Yet still those scenes their genial ray shall shed,
To charm the careless hour, to soothe the smart
Of disappointment's sting and sorrow's dart.
Oft will I muse, and shed the willing tear,
O'er the loved plains, whence fortune bade me part,
Recall the happy faces once so dear,
Recall the WINTER EVE, and all its social cheer.

* The Lake Winnipissoogee in New Hampshire.

American Cottage Life.

(iv.) THE COTTAGE REVISITED.

[It is well known, that every year a large number of persons, especially from the agricultural class, leave the Northern States of the Republic, for the purpose of making a settlement in the new and more fertile lands of the West. They seldom, however, lose that strong attachment, which they had previously cherished, for the place of their nativity. It is the object of the following Poem, to describe the feelings of one of this class of persons at his return, after many years, to his father's house.]

I.

WHEN one returneth from a distant land,
Where he hath been in pilgrimage afar,
And seeks once more with wandering foot to stand
Beneath the brightness of his country's star,
It is with beating heart and joyful eyes,
He views the long remembered scenes again,
The mountains far, ascending to the skies,
The verdant hills more near, the flowering plain,
The willow shaded stream, the fields of golden grain.

II.

The cottage maids their spinning-wheel delay,
And from the window look with well-pleased eye ;
And gray-haired men, that sit beside the way,
Arise to bless him, as he passes by.
He finds, as round he casts his gladdened look,
The friendly “ Welcome Home” in every thing ;
In ancient elms, and in the well-known brook,
In vines, that o'er the talking waters cling,
And from the singing birds, that clap the joyful wing.

III.

I too have been a Pilgrim. On the shore
Of wide Ohio I had cast my lot ;
But, while I trimmed my vine and plucked my store,
My childhood's dwelling-place was ne'er forgot.
I ever deemed the time would come at last,
Though cast upon a far and venturous track,
To take my staff, as in the days long past,
And to my father's cottage travel back,
Where yet he lives and toils, upon the Merrimack.*

* This beautiful river, (the Merrimack,) one of the principal in New England, has its rise among the mountains and lakes of New Hampshire, and after a long and winding course empties into the ocean at Newburyport, in Massachusetts. Through its whole length its shores are occupied by a hardy and industrious people, chiefly of the agricultural class. The population has become so dense, however, that frequently the younger members of families find it convenient to emigrate to the Western parts of the Union. But here, as in other similar instances, the residence of their fathers, on this delightful stream, is still the home of their hearts.

IV.

That time hath come. With grateful heart I hear
The sounding river with its waters wide.
Sweetly its heavy murmur strikes mine ear,
Borne through the oaks, that crown its verdant side.
The golden day reveals its parting glow ;
And where yon window, with its flickering light,
Dim through the interposing woods doth show,
That cluster round the gently rising height,
At last my father's home repays my straining sight.

V.

The watchful dog patrols the narrow track,
That joins the household to the public road ;
He barks aloud, then playful hastens back,
As if to guide me to that loved abode.
The patient ox comes weary from the hill ;
The tinkling sheep-fold bell is sounding near ;
Sudden I hear the nightly whippoorwill ;
The cheerful cottage window shines more clear ;
And mingling sounds, well known, rejoice my wakeful ear.

VI.

And see ! What venerable form is there ?
'T is he, my father's self surviving yet.
Before his cottage door, with temples bare,
He thoughtful marks the sun's resplendent set.
With beating heart his doubting eye I claimed ;
He gave a startled, momentary view ;
But ere his faltering tongue his wanderer named,
My arms, impatient, round his neck I threw,
Nor could the gushing tear, and voice of joy subdue.

VII.

And thou, he said, hast found me, ere I die ;
Welcome to your old father's arms, my son !
White is my head, and dim my aged eye ;
But thou hast cheered me ere my race is run.
Then quickly, with a heart relieved from care,
And vigorous step, he hastened on before ;
His aged tresses swept the evening air ;
And as he reached his hand, and oped the door,
He bade me welcome back, to friends and home once more.

VIII.

That moment was beyond the Poet's pen,
A moment of the heart, and graven there.
There sat my father, most revered of men ;
There sat my mother in her spacious chair.
Bright beamed the fire ; and round its cheerful blaze
Two little brothers, full of noisy joy,
('T was thus with me in other distant days,)
Recalled the time, when I too was a boy,
And loved in childish sports the moments to employ.

IX.

And as I scanned each object o'er and o'er,
And marked with care the venerable place,
In wall and window, beam and sanded floor,
The signs and records of the past I trace.
They seemed like old companions ; and mine eyes,
Like one in search of treasures under ground,
Who sods, and rocks, and gaping crevice tries,
Renewed their searching glances round, and round,
Till all the past revived, in mingling sight and sound.

X.

The same capacious hearth, expanding wide,
The spacious kettle on its length of crane,
The settle, stationed at the chimney side,
Just as in other times, they all remain,
Substantial all, as they were wont to be.
Affecting sight! To me they all were dear,
Since all were consecrate in memory.
The massy oaken chair is standing near;
And pleased, the ticking of the eight-day clock I hear.

XI.

My mother had unnumbered things to say,
And, as she spoke, alternate wept and smiled;
Changed was her face, her scattered locks were gray,
But still she loved, the same, her pilgrim child.
Well pleased she saw, while often to the heart
Their hopeless blightings time and distance bring,
The love of childhood's home doth ne'er depart,
But like some flower, which blooms with endless spring,
Repels the Autumn's frost, the Winter's withering.

XII.

Slowly have passed the long, the twenty years,
Since first I parted from this social fire;
Sad was the hour, and many were the tears,
But hope was high, and strength of purpose higher.
But here, at last, I stand once more, and find
Old objects faithful to their ancient place;
And where the form is changed, unchanged the mind.
If lapse of years hath plucked some outward grace,
Yet could it not the heart, the fount of love, displace.

XIII.

But who is this with form so tall and fair,
A woman grown, and yet in beauty's prime,
With kindling eye, and darkly flowing hair?
The same, the cherished one, whom many a time,
I carried in mine arms, and loved so much;
Who went with me o'er hill and ridgy steep,
(I fondly thought there was no other such,)
To call the cows, and tend the gentle sheep,
And ever at my side did, prattling, love to keep.

XIV.

Loved sister Mary! Give me one caress,
Sacred to memory and other years!
The generous maid cannot her soul repress,
But sought my arms, and bathed her face in tears.
Nor deem it wrong, if heaven may aught bestow,
To pray for blessings on that radiant head.
For me, alas! Such bliss I ne'er shall know,
As when abroad her childish steps I led,
Amid the "vernal year," or blooms that summer shed.

XV.

Swift spread the news of my unlooked return,
And called with busy haste the neighbors in;
They grasp my hand, and eagerly would learn,
What I have seen, and where so long have been.
Some were young girls, to woman's beauty grown;
Some were old men, who looked no older now;
Some were young lads, whom at the school I'd known,
But now, erect with manhood's ample brow,
They bore the sinewy arm, that rules the spade and plough.

XVI.

If they of distant scenes desired to learn,
And bent with eager gaze my tale to hear,
I too, with heart as eager, asked in turn,
Of scenes that nearer lay, but doubly dear.
Full many were the thoughts, that filled my mind,
Of sylvan sights, that once delighted me ;
Nor was the heartfelt pleasure small to find,
Of hills and brooks, of fields and favorite tree,
So closely like the past, the present history.

XVII.

Still flowed my loved, my native stream ; and o'er
Its solitary path hung arching still
The same luxuriant vine. The beech still bore
Its tempting nuts, where I was wont to fill
My eager hands, when, at the sun's decline,
I trod the vales, the errant flocks to call.
Still built the crow upon the ancient pine ;
And where the oak o'erspread the waterfall,
The squirrel watched his hoard, and kept his airy hall.

XVIII.

And oft I asked, with sympathy sincere,
Who yet were living, who had sunk to rest ?
Whom fortune in her smiles had come to cheer,
Or, deep in poverty and grief, depressed ?
Where were the lads, whose pleasures ever new
At early eve resounded long and loud ?
And where the men, so gravely stern and true,
Strong in their aged locks, the fields that ploughed,
Though now perchance gone hence, or sorrowfully bowed ?

XIX.

The sturdy miller, had he still his jest,
As rough and honest, as in days of yore ?
And poor, decrepid Jenks, among the rest,
Did he still beg his bread from door to door ?
And she, with scrutinizing features old,
That sought into the maiden's palm to pry,
Hath she her last, prophetic legend told ?
Thus went inquiry round, "in converse high,"
And heart leaped forth to heart, and kindling eye to eye.

XX.

And now the eve was far advanced and dim,
And closing round the fire, as in my youth,
We reverently sung the Evening Hymn,
And then my father read the Word of Truth.
The sight of that Old Bible moved my heart,
And stirred anew the scarcely sleeping tears.
From childhood, till the morn that saw me part,
I ever knew it, clasped, and dark with years,
At morn and eve brought forth, to wake our hopes and
fears.

XXI.

And then he offered up the Evening Prayer,
Poured from a humble, reverential breast ;
Not the mere show of truth and love was there,
The heart acknowledged what the lips expressed.
He uttered thanks, that, ere his days were passed,
He saw, save one that mouldered in the earth,
(Too bright that loved one's joyful beam to last,)
His scattered children gathered to his hearth.
Thus God his people loves ; nor scorns their humble worth.

XXII.

There are some men, that make a scoff at prayer,
At early morn, or at the close of day.
Ah, little do they know, how grief and care
Before true supplication melt away.
How pleasant 't is, when sorrows pierce the heart,
To tell them to our heavenly Father's ear !
He plucks with gentle hand the hostile dart,
And, even when he looks with frown severe,
Is ever prompt to bend, his children's griefs to hear.

XXIII.

At morning's light I held my pensive track
Where scattered elms and mourning willows grew,
Along the deeply-sounding Merrimack.
A little hillock met my anxious view ;
'T was my loved Lucy's grave, my sister's grave,
Her grassy turf and monumental stone.
Nought but the sympathizing woods and wave
Beheld my bitter grief, and heard my moan ;
'T was good to shed the tear ; 't was good to be alone.

XXIV.

How oft around the hearth, the eve before,
I cast my eyes, but saw no Lucy near ;
She was not named, lest naming should restore
The mournful memory, the bitter tear.
She was the sister next to me in age.
Companion of my walks, with me she took,
Along the hills, her summer pilgrimage,
Or climbed the rocks, or sought the shaded brook,
That in its mirror bright gave back her maiden look.

XXV.

Together to the distant school we went,
And when the snows perplexed the doubtful way,
The helping hand to guide her forth I lent,
Well pleased my skill and courage to display.
And often with a kind solicitude,
When weary I returned from plough or spade,
She wiped my heated brow, and brought my food,
And in her smiles and sylvan grace arrayed,
More than a brother's care, a brother's love repaid.

XXVI.

Mary and Lucy! Those were household names,
That messages to joyous fancy brought,
And urged upon my heart their sacred claims,
Whatever lands my wandering footsteps sought.
They were my only sisters. One is gone;
And though a sister lives to bless me yet,
That other star, which o'er my pathway shone,
Beneath the ocean wave, its ray is set,
But never shall this heart, this mourning heart forget.

American Cottage Life.

(v.) THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

Addison.

I.

Down by yon gentle stream, whose curling flow
Brightens beneath the hillock's calm ascent,
A cottage stands. Before its day of woe,
Flowers bloomed around, and where the forest sent
Its waving branches towards the firmament,
Not distant far, were heard loud-spoken joys,
Which came, what time the setting sun was spent
Beneath the gnarled oak from bright-eyed boys ;
But now the flower is dim, and silent grief annoys.

II.

Yea, I remember well ! Three years are gone,
And it was last of autumn ; woods were sear,
And oft November's gusty blasts came on,
Whirling the leaves in air with sport severe ;
— 'T was then with sauntering footsteps I drew near,
Entering the white-washed walls. And all below
That cottage roof did to mine eyes appear,
Far from pollution's blight and touch of woe ;
There, hearts with hope are glad, and cheeks with pleasure
glow.

III.

The meek-eyed sheep grazed near the running wave ;
The noisy geese proud o'er her bosom rowed ;
As mindful of the care the farmer gave,
Their annual gifts of wool his flock bestowed ;
Slowly the cow returned, and loudly lowed
To call the maiden from the cottage door,
And yield into her pail the milky load ;
The cow, the friend and favorite of the poor,
That gives them great content, if they have nothing more.

IV.

The cottager, who wrought with arm not slack,
Cheerful, now laid aside his axe and spade,
And from his field's rude boundary came back.
The sun sunk low, and with the evening shade,
The day was darkly closed. Sweet pause was made
To toils with each new morn returning still.
Nor longer then in prank and sport delayed
Two laughing boys. They, whistling o'er the hill,
Direct their footsteps home, with joy their cot to fill.

V.

Their days were days of labor ; yet not this
Could render them unhappy. They could see
Duty in toil, which changed that toil to bliss.
Contented thus they lived. They knew, that He,
A friend to the believing poor would be,
Who feeds the raven, gives the flower its bloom.
I looked around ; and in their poverty,
The marks of household labor graced the room ;
Here hung the skeins of yarn ; there stood the wheel and
loom.

VI.

Kind family ! That ever warmly pressed
Stranger or friend, his hour that with them spent,
Freely to share whatever they possessed ;
Fruits of the wild and garden they present,
With heart sincere, no feigned sentiment.
And happy in their goodness, smiles declare,
Which pleasure to their dimpled features lent,
That they were well rewarded for their care,
When friend or stranger took such as the poor could spare.

VII.

They were not happy always ! for the storm,
Which threatens all, hath beat upon the brow,
And brought unto the dust the manly form.
The father, husband, friend ! Where is he now ?
There came a sickness on him, which did bow
The vigor of his strength, and dim his eye.
Alas ! our life is like a flower ; and how,
How speedily shall all the living die.
And in the common dust in equal lowness lie !

VIII.

And she most patiently, whose faithful heart
Was bound to his in wedlock's sacred band,
In toil and watching showed the dutious part.
Day followed day : she still was seen to stand
Beside his pillow, with assisting hand.
But all her tender arts could not avail
To hold him from the grave's oblivious land.
The living went with weeping and with wail,
And buried low his dust down in the green-wood vale.

IX.

Nor this the sum of sadness in her lot,
More desert still shall be her lone abode ;
Orphans, and poor, her children leave her cot,
Cast out, unguided, on life's stormy road.
The evening hearth, where oft they gathered, glowed
Bright with the blaze the burning logs dispense.
Here were they wont to meet, and friendship flowed
Warm from each heart, and joy filled every sense ;
But now their father's dead, and they must hasten hence.

X.

The flower, that graced their fields, no more shall bloom,
The vine shall droop, their art was wont to raise,
And from their cottage, dark with grief and gloom,
Be banished the delights of former days.
But say, can absence or can toil erase
The memory of each dear scene and friend ?
Forgetfulness may other thoughts displace,
But early days with after life shall blend,
Grow with our memory's growth, and with our being end.

XI.

Gone are the hours, when first in youth's sweet time,
With vagrant feet they wandered o'er the hill ;
And when with rival zeal they loved to climb
The rocks, that rose beside the noisy mill,
Marking the fall of waters, and the fill
Of pleasure came into their joyful heart.
Such is our lot, of Providence the will ;
Oh, Thou who sendest grief, support impart ;
Protect the orphans all ; the orphan's Friend thou art.

XII.

The mourning daughters to the Factory went,
That rears on high its massy stories tall,
With noise of many looms in concert blent,
And wheels that loudly dash within its wall,
Close on the banks of darkling Salmon-Fall.
Thither they walked on foot, and hand in hand ;
They grieved to leave their mother, but their all
Consisted in some scanty roods of land,
And he was gone who ploughed ; they were an orphan
band.

XIII.

One boy at home the widowed mother kept,
To glean their little field, to bring the wood,
Piled in their cot at eve before they slept,
And cheer with filial love her solitude.
The elder lad, more stout, in labor good,
O'er whom had passed the sixteenth summer's beam,
Sought, with a farmer near, a livelihood,
With axe, and plough, and driving of his team.
Thus sadly early joys departed like a dream.

XIV.

Ye, who have watched o'er guileless infancy,
And kindly rocked the cradle of its rest ;
Ye, who have borne it on the patient knee,
Nor less in riper years have loved, carest,
Than when upon your knee, or on your breast,
Can fitly tell, and you alone can tell,
How sad the hour of parting ! How unblest
The moment of the long, the long farewell !
But ere they left their home, these parting accents fell.

XV.

My loved ones ! said the mother, (and the tear
Of sorrow twinkled in her widowed eye,)
Ye are my charge. It rests, my children dear,
On me alone. Ye saw your father die,
And low and still in dust his ashes lie ;
We followed him together to his tomb.
For you, my orphans, oft I heave the sigh ;
For you with anxious toil I urge the loom,
For you I pray at morn, and at deep midnight's gloom.

XVI.

I see you now, as in the seasons past,
Heaven only knows if we shall meet again ;
Great were our joys, but they have faded fast ;
And yet, my children, we should not complain,
Nor aught, that comes in Providence, arraign.
Jehovah will our wants and griefs relieve,
If we our souls in patience shall sustain.
Lifting your thoughts to him, ye shall receive
Great blessings from his hand ; and such he will not
leave.

XVII.

Thus spake the mother. Many tears did fall.
Her orphan children to their masters went.
The anxious parent bade them, one and all,
Be faithful in their work and be content.
Oft little gifts her wanderers to her sent,
Earned by their daily toils ; for their true heart
Was never from their childhood's dwelling rent.
The elder brother learns the farmer's art ;
In Salmon-Fall the maids industrious act their part.

XVIII.

Ye farmers ! see that ye, in virtue's school,
Bring up all those, who fall unto your care ;
Ye gentlemen, who o'er our Factories rule !
Let the poor orphan in your kindness share ;
Then shall they serve you well, and good prepare
Both for themselves and others ; and your name
Receive the good man's smile, the poor man's prayer.
How many thanks the virtuous soul may claim !
Such build upon a rock, and are not put to shame.

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(vi.) THE SNOW-STORM.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year;
I listen and it cheers me long.

Longfellow.

I.

WHEN feeble suns scarce light the wintry sky,
And clouds are drifting in the doubtful air,
The pensive man, with expectation high,
Forth to the window moves his easy chair.
Observant there, in pleased security,
Regaling, as he may, both eye and ear,
He marks the frozen brook, the withered tree,
And loves, at frequent intervals, to hear
The howling of the blast, that winds its summons drear.

II.

The pensive man, to thought and feeling prone,
Inclined to sadness, but averse from sorrow,
In silence sits, and loves to be alone,
And joy from inward contemplations borrow.
Thus let me muse, nor do thou deem it strange,
That it is given the sense of joy to find
From varying thoughts that unrestricted range,
Light and unfixed, as is the stayless wind,
Pleased with the present scene, and to the future blind.

III.

'T is Winter, in its wild and angry mood !
And as I look, behold, the clamorous crows,
Scared by the uproar vast, in yonder wood,
Regain a shelter from the blast and snows,
Where pines and firs their thick protection yield.
There nestle they retired, nor heed the cry
From muffled owl, in hollow trunk concealed.
Hid in the twisted roots, with fearful eye,
The wary fox beholds the tempest hurrying by.

IV.

Forth from the wood the wood-cutter comes back ;
Upon his frosty beard the snow stands thick ;
He looks with peering eye to find the track,
Then struggles on with panting breath and quick,
Seeking his home. Anon, a traveler's sleigh
Goes swift, with bells, that chime their stifled din.
But he, who rides on such a stormy day,
With aid of whip and voice, shall scarcely win,
Seen dimly in the drifts, the distant village Inn.



V.

A refuge seeking from the surly winter,
The red-breast comes, unto the window flying ;
Well pleased, I haste to let the stranger enter,
And strive to keep the little thing from dying.
See, how he hops abroad and picks the bread,
The hospitable hand of childhood brings ;
Then pausing, as in thought, erects his head,
And glances quick, and trims his little wings,
And with a sudden voice breaks gladly forth and sings.

VI.

Unmindful of the storm, the noisy cur
Shakes his well powdered sides, and barks, and now,
A sharer in the elemental stir,
With plunging head into the drift doth plough,
And upward throws around the feathery snow.
But Dobbin ! such an hour's no sport for him.
With ruminating head, depending low,
And half-shut eye, with gathered snow-flakes dim,
Close to the sheltering barn, he draws his quivering limb.

VII.

The weary thresher lays aside his flail,
And shuts, like one amazed, his granary door ;
Nor else can do : the winds his heaps assail,
And wheat and chaff fly wildly round the floor.
The shades still darker wrap the rolling cloud,
And hurtling snows come rushing still more fast ;
Low to the earth the groaning trees are bowed,
From rock and hill in headlong ruin cast.
The village steeple waves and trembles in the blast.

VIII.

At such an hour let none adventurous roam.
Dear to the heart, at such a time as this,
Is the security and peace of home,
The blazing hearth and the domestic bliss.
See, how the traveler scarce resists the storm !
Mark, how he strives along with fainting feet !
And doomed, without the friendly welcome warm,
To perish in its freezing winding-sheet !
Then heap the favoring blaze, his weary steps to greet !

IX.

The sun sets now ; and yet no sun doth rest
Upon the mount its golden orb of light.
Dark clouds usurp his place ; and shades unblest
And moaning sounds the startled air affright.
In yon lone cot the mother trims the blaze
That through the window sends its nightly beam.
Unmoved by fears, that older hearts amaze,
Though fierce the snows invade each gaping seam,
The children, gathering round, enclose its cheerful gleam.

X.

The winds aré rude, but they regard it not,
And laugh, as they were wont, and prattle loud ;
Prone on the floor, unconscious he of aught,
The shaggy dog with closing eye is bowed.
The cat doth in the corner sit demure ;
And as the crackling fire lights up the room,
The housewife spreads the table of the poor,
Or plies with careful hand the busy broom,
Or doth her task once more, her wonted wheel resume.

XI.

Snug in the corner doth her good man sit,
Nor ever from his lazy settle moves ;
The howling blast frights not his quiet wit,
But stormy sounds and piping winds he loves.
He, philosophic, chides at needless sorrow,
Nor will he add to real, fancied ills.
But looks in storms to-day for calms to-morrow.
Thus fearful thoughts and low complaints he stills,
And ever and anon, his cheerful pipe he fills.

XII.

Happy the man, in winter's stormy hour,
When woods and plains with angry snows are strown,
Who is not doomed to feel their hostile power,
But hath a shelter he can call his own,
The cheerful hearth, the amicable chair.
He, with his gossip neighbors side by side,
Spreads cheerfully the peasant's homely fare.
They deal the mutual jest. Then, venturing wide,
With patriot zeal elate, the nation's fate decide.

XIII.

Ah me ! On such a fearful time as this,
While we around the peaceful hearth are safe,
And in the warmth and glow of social bliss,
Forget the winds against the house that chafe,
And at the door and windows threat in vain,
The seamen on the overwhelming deep,
The tenants of the loud and doubtful main,
Can scarce their stations on the vessel keep ;
See, how they mount on high, then plunging down they
sweep.

XIV.

Anon, a wave, with swift and thundering sway,
Bears suddenly some sailor from the deck.
Poor man ! In the illimitable way,
That foaming spreads around, he seems a speck.
Now sunk, now seen, now borne on high, now low,
He smites the wave, like one that strikes for life ;
But all in vain ; far downward doth he go ;
And as he yields at length the fearful strife,
He dying thinks once more of children, home, and wife.

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(vii.) THANKSGIVING DAY.

[It is hardly necessary to remark, that Thanksgiving day is the principal social and religious festival in New England and some other of the United States. Occurring at the season of the year, when the heart naturally rejoices in the various exhibitions of the Divine goodness, hallowed by early recollections, and by religious influences, it is welcomed by all classes. Some of the traits and incidents which are characteristic of this interesting season, are embodied in the following stanzas. But it may be proper to keep in mind, that we have proposed to describe the humble and unpretending Thanksgiving of those in rural life, rather than that of those, who move in what are sometimes considered the more elevated circles.]

I.

BRIGHT is the early morn. With radiance clear
Its dewy light illumes the dusky wood.
The neat, but humble mansion rises near,
Embosomed in its leafy solitude.
There doth the Farmer, far from public strife,
'Mid sheltered scenes, with sylvan beauty strown,
In quiet independence pass his life ;
To want, and all its bitter train, unknown,
Although by toil he gains whate'er he calls his own.

II.

A plain New England ploughman ; true in word,
In manners gentle, open-hearted, kind.
But, though in noisy contest never heard,
He bears a steadfast and judicious mind.
Soon as the morn its journey doth renew,
And scatters bright “ the rear of darkness thin,”
In distant fields his hands their task pursue ;
Nor less at home the early cares begin

Of those who milk the cows, and those who gaily spin.

III.

Nor deem from toil that he hath no release ;
'T is true, his bread by watchful care is won ;
But with the coming eve his labors cease,
And he is happy when his work is done.
And once a year his brightly beaming hearth
Shines brighter yet—upon Thanksgiving day.
Loud sounds the merry voice of childhood's mirth,
While those of riper years, who live away,
Returning from afar, their annual visits pay.

IV.

Behold ! in chaise or wagon they appear,
Approaching glad their own, their native hill ;
Where stands the home, to early childhood dear,
The home, where deep affection lingers still.
Once more, with beating heart, once more they see
The scattered cottages, the pastures wide,
The modest church, the overhanging tree,
The distant forests, waving in their pride,
And all to memory dear, to early joys allied.

V.

How strong the charm, when early life is new,
Which binds itself to each familiar scene;
The humble school-house claims again their view,
Upon its solitary patch of green.
There were they wont their childish skill to try.
The birch still grew beside the aged door,
And thence the eager school-dame, passing by,
Detached the rod, which awfully she bore,
As with laborious care she taught her simple lore.

VI.

With gratulations oft and warm, they bless
Every loved object which they recognize.
The ancient orchard and its cider-press,
And slow-paced Dobbin greet again their eyes.
They mark the ploughshare in the glebe it broke,
And as their eager gaze they round bestow,
They praise the oxen, parted from the yoke,
That graze the fields, as yet unclothed with snow,
And wake the echoes oft, with loudly uttered low.

VII.

And see, they turn again with kindling eye,
And hail the towering oaks expanding wide.
Beneath those oaks, when evening gilt the sky,
Full many afeat of speed and strength they tried.
Nor, while their frequent glances they prolong,
Do they forget the stream, whose verdant shore
Resounded loud with many a wild bird's song.
With lusty arm they swam its waves of yore,
Or, borne in well-built boat, applied the vigorous oar.

VIII.

The gray-haired father guides their steps around,
Well pleased to find that they do not forget ;
That streams, and blooming woods, and cultured ground,
In memory's fadeless page are brightly set,
And still, as they were wont, the soul can cheer.
And thus it is, that ever cherished well,
Thanksgiving day, to youth and maiden dear,
Opes with its golden key the secret cell,
Whence o'er the bounding heart unnumbered pleasures
swell.

IX.

To-day, old men, that erst, o'ercome with fears,
Low in the chimney corner bowed their head,
Are fired with life, as in their younger years,
Throw down the crutch, and move with sprightlier tread.
To-day, the beggar, bidding care away,
With firmer step invades the farmer's door,
And cheers himself, and sings his roundelay,
As blest in heart, though miserably poor,
As if he had a home, and countless wealth in store.

X.

Joy to the loved and lone Emilia too,
An orphan, left to grief and early cares.
She, at this happy time, as wont to do,
With punctual visit, to her friends repairs ;
And welcomed by the farmer and his wife,
With kindness, as befits a brother's child,
She deemed these hours the bright ones of her life,
When, many a secret grief and toil beguiled,
Her mourning heart was cheered, as all around her smiled.

XI.

And soon around the fire they draw the chair,
And many a fond inquiry then is past :
What trials and what griefs have been the share
Of each since they beheld each other last ?
Who have been sick, and who been doomed to die ?
Perchance how Giles succeeds at his new trade ?
The hopes and records of the nuptial tie ?
How grew the corn, and how the wheaten blade,
After the havoc wild which the great tempest made ?

XII.

The younger portion of the family,
And those, who visit them, of equal age,
Pour forth the torrent of their childish glee ;
While others, older in their pilgrimage,
The matrons sage and grandsires sitting by,
Their sports with sympathetic gladness view.
The scene brings back to memory's fruitful eye
The days when they were young and thoughtless too,
And loved with busy zeal each pleasure to pursue.

XIII.

Now to the Public Worship all repair,
For not " by bread alone " God's people live.
The frequent villagers are gathering there,
A portion from the Bible to receive,
And raise with happy hearts the grateful song.
When streams, that from the rugged mountains roll,
When rocks and hills the note of praise prolong,
Oh, shall not man, who ruleth o'er the whole,
Join in the strain divine, and lift the joyous soul ?

XIV.

Oh, 't is most true, that Nature hath a voice,
And her Creator given her a tongue ;
That through her mighty realms she doth rejoice,
And by her countless hosts his praise is sung.
The little lambs give praise upon the hill,
The little birds upon the flowering tree ;
The bright, uncounted stars proclaim his will ;
The moon, that walketh in her majesty ;
Thou boundless, mighty God ! All nature 's full of Thee.

XV.

But chief thou dwellest with the heart contrite,
With such as are of soul resigned and pure ;
Far in the lonely cot is thy delight,
With the believing and religious poor.
Thou ever hearest, when thine aid they ask ;
When sorrows throng them, Thou dost still befriend ;
And lest in vain should prove their daily task,
The genile rain and sunshine Thou dost send,
With greater goods in store, when life's few days shall end.

XVI.

And now the massy tables are displayed,
Where those shall meet, who ne'er may meet again
There children, cousins, neighbors are arrayed ;
The cheerful beggar helps to swell the train.
The board well-dressed is like the driven snow ;
To grace it well the careful housewife tries ;
White are the plates in long and decent row ;
The smoking puddings, and the pumpkin pies,
And roasted beef, look rich and goodly in her eyes.

XVII.

Happy the man, who, when this day comes round,
Can think on cellars stored and garners filled ;
The honest product of the grateful ground,
His own, and not another's hands have tilled.
He dreads nor duns nor sheriffs at his gate,
Nor fears in aught the snares for debtors spread.
But with a heart serene, a step elate,
Goes forth, the sovereign of his rural shed,
Yet never doth forget the Giver of his bread.

XVIII.

To Him what reasons there exist for praise !
How many motives to a virtuous course !
The tide of good hath reached us all our days,
Full in its stream, exhaustless in its source.
Our cows and cornfields give us milk and meal ;
Our barns well-filled, nor small the cellar's store ;
Loud sounds at eve the merry spinning-wheel
And when, perchance, the wintry storm sweeps o'er,
We have our own bright hearth. What could we wish
for more ?

XIX.

Once 't was not so. In years, when he was young,
The farmer tells of griefs, that are not now.
The husbandmen, with muskets o'er them slung,
In danger and in watching held the plough.
Sadly and slow the fearful moments sped,
For savage men, athirst for blood, were nigh,
And when at eve they bowed the weary head,
They knew not, but ere morn the warwhoop's cry
Would reach their lowly roof, and call them out to die.

XX.

But now contentment beams in every face ;
Peace in our dwellings, and stern war afar ;
Ne'er may it leave again its deadly trace,
And ne'er again the scene of quiet mar.
Instead of spears the fruitful share we guide ;
Instead of swords the pruning-hook we wield ;
Beneath our own dear roof, the hearth beside,
Come, let us scan the claims of hill and field,
And learn what fits the sheep, and where the grain doth
yield.

XXI.

And thus to friendly converse they incline ;
The farmer tells the time to plough and sow ;
While others speak of pastures, sheep, and kine,
Of summer's suns, or winter's drifting snow ;
The matrons grave discourse of loom and dairy ;
Apart, the hardy youth, as well they might,
Bend, listening, to the songs of blue-eyed Mary.
"The Beggar had his jest," and with delight
The rapid hours passed by, till sunset's golden flight.

XXII.

The quiet eve hath come ; the evening star
Renews his bright, but solitary beam ;
The moon, ascending in her silver car,
Again diffuses o'er the earth her gleam.
And now, before they seek the pillow's rest,
The song, the mirth, and conversation's din
Give place to household worship, season blest.
The good old man doth read the Word Divine,
And all, with reverent hearts, in supplication join.

XXIII.

There was divine enchantment in his prayer ;
His soul was touched, as if with heavenly fire.
He, who in worldly things did hardly dare
To lift his thoughts and conversation higher,
Than the poor marks of earth, and place, and time,
His fields and herds, his fences and his plough,
Finds fitting words, and many a thought sublime,
Whene'er in holy worship he doth bow,
And at Jehovah's throne his hope and faith avow.

XXIV.

He giveth thanks, that, though another year
Hath rolled away to dark eternity,
So many of them live ; so many here,
Beneath his roof, each other's faces see,
But she, who graced the last Thanksgiving day,
The child beloved, the daughter of his heart,
His Sarah, is no more. And he doth pray,
Though sudden was the blow, and keen the smart,
That they may humbly show submission's quiet part.

XXV.

He pleadeth for himself, his children, wife,
His supplication is, whate'er their lot,
That in the duties and the griefs of life,
Their great Creator ne'er may be forgot.
He prays for one upon the ocean tost,
For Joseph on the wide and boundless sea,
Where many a helpless sailor lad is lost,
That in Jehovah's favor he may be,
And with glad eyes again his native country see.

XXVI.

And then his mind to other themes awake,
Which by the Christian volume have been taught,
A higher and a nobler flight doth take,
And up to heavenly mansions lifts its thought ;
Upon celestial hills his soul doth stand.
There shine the angel ranks, supremely bright,
With starry crowns, and happy harps in hand ;
And there in those abodes of blessed delight,
When sinks the world in fire, shall all Christ's friends
unite.

Ballads and Songs.

DEATH OF COLONEL HAYNE.

[Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina, was a valuable and distinguished officer of the Revolution. He was taken prisoner by the British, under the command of Lord Rawdon; and though great interest was made in his behalf, both by Englishmen and Americans, he was executed as a Rebel. His wife had died but a short time before. His eldest son, a boy of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in the prison; but he was so shocked and overcome at the execution as to become insane. See the Life of Marion and Thacher's Military Journal.]

I.

SADLY and slow the mourners came
Through Charleston's streets, with bleeding heart;
And breathed their hate on Rawdon's name,
Who acted such a cruel part.

Lord Rawdon came from England Old,
Renowned for skill and courage true;
And oft in onset fierce and bold,
Americans his vengeance knew.

The fearless Hayne was one of those,
Whom in the field of death he took,
Where bands with bands in battle close,
And spear to spear defiance shook.

Soon as the captured Hayne drew near,
Lord Rawdon looked with scornful eye,
And said, thou rebel, thou art here,
Upon the gallows' tree to die.

Then Colonel Hayne with boldness said,
It matters not, my Lord, to me ;
I'd rather mingle with the dead,
Than slave to any man to be.

The feeble body thou canst bind,
And draw the life-blood from the vein ;
But there's defiance in the mind,
The bounding spirit knows no chain.

Lord Rawdon shook his plumage high,
And half unsheathed his angry sword ;
And swore in wrath, thou soon shalt die,
If there is truth in Rawdon's word.

If men will not their king obey,
But set themselves against his power,
Their life itself the crime shall pay,
And they shall rue the 'venging hour.

Again the soldier answer made,
And said, it matters not to me ;
Of foul dishonor I'm afraid,
But fear not death, my Lord, nor thee.

I'd rather be the sightless mole,
And in the dust and ashes mine ;
Than stoop to tyranny's control,
Or ever bend to thee or thine.

II.

Down in a dungeon's dark retreat
The brave American was cast ;
And round his hands, and round his feet,
Were made the links of iron fast.

And with him there his eldest boy,
An inmate of the cell remained ;
His father viewed him once with joy,
But now the sight his bosom pained.

For well he knew what deep distress,
In this dark world of sin and strife,
Too oft befalls the fatherless,
Thrown early on the sea of life.

The boy clung round his father's neck ;
It was a time his love to try ;
He wept, as though his heart would break,
And said, his father must not die.

I saw, said he, the winding sheet,
That robed my mother's pallid clay ;
I saw the men, with slow-paced feet,
That sadly bore her far away.

And as the bell, with heavy tongue,
Filled with her death the listening air,
Deep to my heart its accents rung,
And moved anew the anguish there.

With faltering tongue, before she died,
She said, "My Charles, I leave you, dear!"
And as she spoke, she strove to hide
The grief, that shone in many a tear.

"I leave you, (and may God be kind,)
With one, a constant friend who 'll be;
Charles! in your father you will find
A friend, as he has been to me."

That mother, to my infant sight,
Far back as memory's step can trace,
Rose, like an angel, clothed in light,
And shone o'er all my early race.

But she hath gone; her light hath fled;
And can her parting words be true,
If you shall seek that narrow bed,
And I must bid farewell to you.

Around his father's veteran neck,
He threw his little arms again;
While, trickling o'er his youthful cheek,
The tears his faded beauty stain.

My child, my child! said Colonel Hayne,
Think not, I do not deeply feel;
Thy griefs are like the clanking chain,
And pierce me, as the foeman's steel.

But when our griefs and duty meet,
There is one course for me, for all;
To trample sorrow under feet,
And stand erect at honor's call.

But there is One, who knows our need,
Nor claims what man cannot fulfill;
'T is ours his Providence to read,
And bow submissive to his will.

Repose, my child, your hopes in God,
Make him your counsellor and friend;
He blesses, when he lifts the rod,
And oft in good our troubles end.

And while on Him for aid you call,
Fear not, but all your strength renew;
For there are others yet so small,
That they must look for help to you.

Yet scarcely old enough to know,
That they nor father have nor mother,
Watch over them, and ever show
The care, the kindness of a brother.

III.

Two coursers at the dungeon meet,
And black were they as raven's wing;
They smite the earth with pawing feet,
And high the dust around them fling.

And from the grates, the iron grates,
The brave American looked through ;
And on those steeds, the coal-black mates,
The ministers of vengeance knew.

To friends and foes farewell he bade,
Who mourned alike o'er one so brave ;
Upon his son his hand he laid,
And sad his parting blessing gave.

Then blew the trumpet loud and long,
Then wide the dungeon doors were flung ;
And Colonel Hayne went through the throng,
Upon the gallows to be hung.

The steeds pressed heavily the ground,
The soldiers marched with solemn tread ;
The trumpets pealed their thrilling sound,
The muffled drums beat dull and dread.

But Colonel Hayne showed no dismay,
No panic blanched his manly cheek ;
Though multitudes, that thronged his way,
In sighs and tears their sorrows speak.

Unmoved, he reached the place of death ;
Unmoved, he trod the scaffold high ;
For life he knew was useless breath
Without the sweets of liberty.

But ere he died, the heart-felt prayer,
Poured for his native land, he gave,
That God would shield her with his care,
And in the hour of darkness save.

'T is done! He gives his last embrace,
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,
 He, who was swift in freedom's race,
 Hung black and moveless in the sky.

IV.

I marked a boy pass through the street,
 With garments rude, dishevelled hair;
 He walked the earth with wandering feet,
 And with a wild and maniac air.

He said but little; oft he stood,
 When gained the sun his noon-day height,
 And fixed, when in his frantic mood,
 Upon its beams, his staring sight.

I asked what I his name should call,
 And how that one, so young as he,
 So early in his life should fall
 To such extreme of misery.

Alas! he was his father's pride,
 Nor less he loved that father well;
 He saw him when he, struggling, died;
 He shrieked, and tottering reason fell.

And from that dark, distracting day,
 Wild horrors in his bosom reign;
 His face is marked with sad dismay;
 'T is Charles, the son of Colonel Hayne.

V.

These are thy fearful scenes, oh War !

These are the trophies thou dost bring ;
How many pleasures thou dost mar !

How many bosoms thou dost wring !

The son and father thou dost sever,
The husband from the wife dost part ;
And sendest wretchedness forever
O'er ruined home and bleeding heart.

10*

Ballads and Songs.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WILLEY FAMILY.

[Some years since there resided in the Pass of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, about two miles from the celebrated place called the *Notch*, a solitary but interesting and respectable family. On the night of August 26, 1826, a night rendered memorable by a violent storm, which may be said in hundreds of places to have rent the mountains from top to bottom, the whole of this family were destroyed, viz: Mr. and Mrs. Willey, with their five children, Eliza Ann, Jeremiah, Martha, Elbridge, and Sarah, together with two hired men. The particulars of this mournful event may be found in the N. H. Historical Collections.]

ELIZA ANN, Aged twelve years.

MOTHER! The clouds are on the vale;
The frightened cattle homeward run;
The trees are breaking in the gale,
And red and angry looks the sun.

THE MOTHER.

Hush, hush, my child! What do they know,
The gentle cows and simple sheep!
Shall not the winds of summer blow,
And clouds along the forest sweep?

Come in, and do not yield to fears.

How oft we've heard the tempest's voice,
When 't was but music to our ears,
And made our bounding hearts rejoice.

Then thou wouldest at the window stand,

And with no fear upon thy brow,
Behold the waves o'erwhelm the land,
The rocks roll down, the forests bow.

ELBRIDGE, The youngest son, seven years of age.

Say, mother, will the mountains move !

We saw them move the other day ;
Vast piles of earth did march along,
And all before them swept away.

How beautiful the trees did look.

With nodding leaf and blossom bright,
As in their vast array they took
E'en from the mountain's top their flight.

But it was terrible to see,

When in their strength they came so near ;
And to thine arms we all did flee,
To shield and save us in our fear.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, talk not thus, too fearful child !

'T is time to seek repose and sleep ;
Is there not One, who rules the storm,
Whose love supports, whose arm can keep ?

See, how unconscious Sarah sleeps ;
No fears disturb her quiet mind ;
There's faith and strength in innocence,
In aught beside we fail to find.

The reeling earth awakes her not,
Nor howling winds disturb her soul ;
She heeds not, when the lightnings flash,
Nor when the troubled thunders roll.

JEREMIAH, Eleven years of age.

But yesterday the Saco bore
Its waters scarce above my feet ;
But now, from all the mountain sides,
The torrents in its channel meet.

And swollen, with resistless force,
It whirls and boils and hurries on,
And on its angry wave the trees,
And logs, and crumbling banks are borne.

And, sad to tell, two little lambs
That frolicked on its grassy shore,
Were overtaken by its waves,
And swept away, and seen no more.

They were the lambs that Martha loved,
With which we all were wont to play ;
I heard their faint and mournful bleat,
As they were rudely swept away.

NICHOSON, Hired man.

The angry bear hath left his cave,
The frightened wolf is howling loud ;
The eagle, from his rocky crag,
Screams fiercely to the passing cloud.

Sad night is this ! The traveler,
Who through the mountains makes his way,
Will sink beneath the thunder stroke,
And low his head in sorrow lay.

How blest are they that have a home,
To shield from storms descending fast ;
Hark ! Heard ye not the breaking pines ?
And heard ye not the whirlwind's blast ?

THE FATHER.

When in the wondrous times of old,
The Lord to Sinai's mountain came,
Upon the mighty winds he flew,
And underneath him clouds and flame.

Our God is on the mountains now ;
The lofty summits feel his tread ;
Before his steps the forests bow,
The rivers swell above their bed.

His creatures now are in His hands,
To be by Him sustained or lost,
Like mariners upon the sea,
In bellowing storm and tempest tost.

ALLEN, Another hired man.

The fires flash down the mountain's side ;
 The rocks rebound from tree to tree ;
 The earth is heaving far and wide,
 Ah, whither, whither shall we flee !

THE FATHER.

There 's neither time nor power to flee,
 But 't is a time to watch and pray ;
 If here we meet our destiny,
 'T is well as any other way.

If life is o'er, 't is good and right,
 God only knows the when and where
 'T is best to quench our earthly light,
 And bid us to Himself repair.

In God alone I put my trust ;
 Beneath His wing I take my stand :
 And though I am a worm of dust,
 I feel His omnipresent hand.

Then let us all our hearts prepare,
 The holy Word of God to read ;
 And offer up the evening prayer
 To Him, who aids us at our need.

THE PRAYER.

Oh, Thou, where eye can see Thee not,
 Thy dwelling-place in heaven who makest,
 The humble heart is ne'er forgot,
 Thy praying ones Thou ne'er forsakest.

Thine eye runs forth from place to place,
The darkness as the light surveying,
Regarding all that Thou hast made,
And every where thy love displaying.

To Thee the beasts apply for food ;
The birds receive Thy constant care,
As in the pathless woods they roam,
Or o'er the boundless fields of air.

And we, thy children, look to Thee ;
No other friend nor hope we know ;
Thy hand doth hold our destiny,
And at Thy feet we lay us low.

We hear Thee in the rending rocks ;
We hear Thee in the thunder's noise.
And shall we not in mercy hear
Thee speaking in the still, small voice ?

Oh, send that voice, in mercy send,
And bid our fears and troubles cease ;
Whate'er may come, oh, may we feel
Submission, trust in God, and peace.

PART SECOND.

'T WAS thus in converse they did spend
With gleams of hope and mingling fears,
Their last sad evening here on earth,
And poured their prayers and shed their tears.

They felt their weakness, but they felt,
That God is merciful and just,
And when around their hearth they knelt,
Had higher hope and firmer trust.

'T was theirs, whate'er might be his will,
To bear an acquiescent breast,
To bow before Him and be still,
With faith awake and doubt supprest.

They heard the elemental roar,
As moved the heavy hours along,
They heard the dashing torrents pour,
But knew that God can ne'er do wrong.

The moon was shut that darksome night,
No star looked forth upon the sky ;
But riding on the thunder's wing,
A tenfold gloom came sweeping by.

The rocks from mount to mountain leaped,
From rock to rock the waters dashed,
High voices mingled with the wind,
And answered when the thunder crashed.

Nor did the awful mountains stand,
Firm and unmoved as wont to be ;
But raised their scathed and smitten heads,
And from their ancient seats did flee.

'T was like the great, the awful day,
When the archangel's trumpet shall blow,
And piercing far, shall find its way
To heights above, and depths below.

The mountains moved, but when they left
With rocks and woods their old retreat,
They did not cease to think of those,
Their lovely children at their feet.

Whom they had in their bosom nursed,
As they had nursed the beast and bird ;
Whose feet were like the mountain deer,
Whose song e'en to their tops was heard.

But fleeing, wheeled their course around
The cot where they did erst reside,
And passed it by untouched and sound ;
But overwhelmed all else beside.*

Alas ! Their children were not there.
Sons of the mountain ! They had gone ;
And passing in the mountain's track,
Were in its footsteps overthrown.

Husband and wife and little one,
Father and child and hired man,
Not one survived ; but in one grave
Did close their life's diminished span.

Thus terribly they all did die ;
'T was thus mid storms and rending earth,
This lovely mountain family
Returned to Him, who gave them birth.

* It is a most remarkable circumstance, that when the falling portion of the mountain approached the house, where the Willey family dwelt, it divided a few rods back of it, and going round on both sides, left it untouched.

He took them, as in days of old,
In ancient days his loved he took ;
Such as the saint, " who walked with God,"
Such as the Seer of Cherith's brook.

For when the earth Elijah left,
'T was not as when one goes to sleep ;
But blazing fires the heavens cleft,
And whirlwinds o'er the earth did sweep.

The whirlwind wrapt him in its wing,
The flaming fires around him curled,
And swift and upward did they bring
The Prophet to a better world.

Ballads and Songs.

YANKO, THE NOBLE NEGRO.

[The incidents, which are the foundation of the following stanzas, are matters of fact, and not mere poetical fiction: A few years since, two children were left by an English gentlemen on board a vessel, in the care of a Negro, who belonged to his family. His object in leaving them was merely to make a short visit to another vessel, in the expectation of returning very soon. In the mean time a storm arose, and the vessel, in which the children were, was wrecked. The children, however, were saved through the disinterested kindness of the Negro, who in order that room might be made for them in the boat, which conveyed the survivors, willingly and cheerfully remained on the wreck, and perished. Some notices of this affecting story may be found in Roberts's Memoirs of Miss Hannah Moore.]

I.

THE FATHER.

YANKO! We leave the ship to-day :
We give our children to your care ;
While o'er the sea's unruffled way
To yonder vessel we repair.

See how she strikes the gazer's eye,
 With towering mast and canvas wide !
 I know her gallant company ;
 One hour will bring us to her side.

And though the feast and song may flow,
 As there our early friends we hail,
 The sunset with its parting glow
 Shall brighten our returning sail.

THE MOTHER.

Yanko ! To my loved boys be kind ;
 My thread of life to their's is bound ;
 If they should suffer, I should find,
 In my own soul, the rankling wound.

They long thy faithfulness have known ;
 We only ask thee now to prove,
 What thou in other times hast shown,
 That thou dost hold them in thy love.

Our boat will urge its joyful track
 Over the sea's unruffled plain ;
 But soon to speed its journey back,
 And bring us to the boys again.

THE CHILDREN.

Oh, mother, yield not thus to fear,
 When we are absent from your view ;
 The hours, with faithful Yanko near,
 With sport and joy are ever new.

Around the ship he guides our feet,
And shows the mast, the ropes, the sail ;
Or, seeking out some quiet seat,
Relates the sailor's wondrous tale.

THE NEGRO.

Master and Mistress ! I will take
Care of my little masters here ;
If they were hurt, my heart would break ;
I love them too ; ye need not fear.

I feel their sorrows, and am sad,
If but a swelling tear I see ;
And not a pleasure makes them glad,
But brings its happiness to me.

I will not say what I would do,
To save them from the slightest smart ;
Fearless I make appeal to you ;
They have their image in my heart.

II.

'T was thus the parting parents sought
The noble ship, that waiting lay ;
And as they joyful went, they thought,
Ere long to urge their homeward way.

Some natural fears disturbed their mind ;
But still they knew the Negro's heart ;
And doubted not, that one so kind
Would act the honorable part.

Meantime a sudden storm arose,
And wrapped the sea in deepest black ;
In foaming piles the ocean flows,
And lightnings cleave their angry track.

The vessel, which so late they left,
Was dashed in fierceness to and fro ;
Until of sail and mast bereft,
She settled gradually low.

Then there were shrieks and agony ;
The boat was hoisted ; in it fast
The striving crew plunged hastily,
And Yanko and the boys came last.

And what was rending to the heart,
The boatmen hesitate to take them ;
And make all ready to depart,
And to the raging sea forsake them.

The children, at the Negro's side,
Looked up to see what he would do,
And in the tear he could not hide
The fullness of his friendship knew.

For then he felt the inward strife,
The grief which generous bosoms feel,
And gladly would have yielded life,
To save the boys he loved so well.

The boatmen eagerly he prayed,
That they the little boys would take,
And save them in their youth arrayed,
And save them for their parent's sake.

III.

Then rose the master of the boat,
Which scarce sustained the whelming tide.
And grief his hardy bosom smote,
As thus to Yanko he replied.

Whate'er I can I 'll gladly do,
But if they enter, it will be,
That then no place will be for you,
And you must perish in the sea.

Well, Yanko said, it matters not ;
No worthless fear my breast annoys ;
On such as I ne'er spend a thought ;
Let Yanko perish ; take the boys.

To them shall life its joys unfold ;
The parent heart is bound to their's ;
But Yanko, when in death he's cold,
Has none his destiny that shares.

He spoke, and placed within the boat
The children to his charge consigned ;
The little bark was soon afloat,
But noble Yanko staid behind.

The boys for sorrow could not speak,
But tears and sobs their anguish tell,
As Yanko, on the sinking deck,
Repeated loud his long farewell.

The Negro stood alone. His eye
Raised upward to the Lord of light ;

The world's last look was passing by,
And vast Eternity in sight.

'T was but a moment. Quick the wave
Rushed deeply o'er its sinking prize ;
And swept his body to its grave,
And gave his spirit to the skies.

IV.

This is the story sad but true,
Showing a negro's noble feeling.
Reader ! It has a word for you,
Unto your sympathies appealing.

There are some men, who scorning say,
The negroes are a lower race.
Did Yanko's generous deed betray
A lower, an ignoble place ?

Where'er the sun the world doth bless,
Is there a white man, that doth bear
A soul, with which in nobleness
Poor Yanko's heart will not compare ?

Judge not of virtue by a name,
Nor think to read it on the skin ;
Honor in black and white 's the same,
The stamp of glory is within.

Whate'er his color, man is man,
A negro's heart like any other ;
And Heaven, in its capacious plan,
Bids us to treat him as a brother.

Ballads and Songs.

THE FROZEN FAMILY OF ILLINOIS.

[A few years since, in the state of Illinois, a man, his wife, and three children, were frozen to death, in attempting to cross a Prairie in the winter. They were found dead, and their sleigh broken in pieces; apparently with the intention of making a fire. As the precise facts of their sufferings and death are unknown, they must be left to be realized by the imagination; but we are safe in saying that the highest efforts of the imagination would find it difficult to exaggerate them.]

IN the lone land of Illinois,
A man, and wife, and children three,
Set out with hearts alive with joy,
Some loved, but distant friends to see.

Their journey o'er a Prairie lay,
That stretched afar, some ten miles broad,
The horses drew the well-built sleigh,
They glided swiftly on their road.

When on their journey they set out,
They had no grief, they had no fear;
They saw the sun-light on their route,
Nor dreamt, that grief and woe were near.

And much they smiled, and much they talked
Of their anticipated meeting,
When round the hearth of relatives,
They should receive the friendly greeting.

They had not traveled far, before
The sun was shut, the winds did blow,
The road's dim track was covered o'er,
And thickly fell the driven snow.

Missing the road, they turned aside
Upon the Prairie's woodless plain,
And wandered far and wandered wide,
And sought, but came not right again.

The man with zeal his horses drove ;
'T was all a circuit round and round ;
With nought of guiding track or sign,
They wandered o'er the self-same ground.

Already hours and hours were past,
A dark and dreadful night at hand ;
And they were like poor sailors, cast,
Without a compass, far from land.

The sun was dark, the winds did blow,
And they had used all earthly skill ;
But still they wandered in the snow,
They lingered in the Prairie still.

And it was piercing cold beside,
No friendly face, no house was near,
To welcome from the trackless snow,
And at its hearth their hearts to cheer.

'T was then, alas, they sadly hear
The moan of grief from Emma rise;
And see their only daughter dear
Freezing to death before their eyes.

She knew her parents could not help,
She did not wish to give them grief;
And thus in silence bore each pang,
Till she was frozen past relief.

Her limbs were lifeless one by one,
Her countenance to marble grew;
Staring and wild her lovely eye,
Pallid and blank her blooming hue.

She, whom they loved with deepest love,
In childhood whom they fondly bore,
Sunk down the parents' face to see,
The parents' voice to hear no more.

What could they do! where could they go!
If there they stopped, they perished there;
The wearied horses through the snow
Their burden scarce could longer bear.

Still strove they forward, labored on,
With their dead daughter in the sleigh,
Though grief was deep, and hope was gone,
And darkness gathered on their way.

One of the horses failed; the drift
His breast encircled; o'er it rose
His struggling hoof, but all in vain;
He stopped imbedded in the snows.

Death-struck, he stiffened as he stood ;
With mane erect and nostril wide,
And curving neck and head upraised,
Thus in his agony he died.

And there they stood fast bound together,
One, frozen, motionless, and dead ;
But wild and restless was the other,
And smote his hoofs, and heaved his head.

Until his wearied strength gave way,
And then, as of his fate aware,
He breathed his life and agony
In one shrill cry upon the air.

The father saw, that all was gone,
And yet suppressed his words and fears ;
His noble boy he called upon,
From whose bright eye rolled silent tears.

Their sleigh they into fragments broke,
And from its splintered portions sought
With smitten steel to make a fire,
But all their pains availed them not.

Still howled the storm, and still the snow
Came driven fiercely through the air ;
No further had they power to go,
To live they could not, where they were.

And now the mother and the wife,
With fears o'ercome and piercing cold,
Began to feel the ebb of life,
And on the earth to loose her hold.

She had a loved, an infant child ;
She dropped upon its face a tear ;
The babe looked gently up and smiled,
And felt, though wrapped in storms, no fear.

Strange images were at her heart,
Sad thoughts her mind did occupy ;
That she was summoned thus to part,
And in this dreadful way to die.

And yet she chid her murmuring soul,
And strove her rebel thoughts to quell ;
And as she bade a last adieu,
She gently breathed out, All is well.

And then the boy was quite o'ercome
At this new stroke, so full of sorrow ;
His failing voice and strength give signs,
That he with her shall see no morrow.

No tear was shed, no word was spoken,
He fell down at his mother's side ;
The spring was dry, the heart was broken,
He closed his beaming eye and died.

The father now was left alone,
Save that his babe was yet alive,
He took it fondly in his arms,
And onward through the drifts did strive.

One mighty effort he put forth,
(Despair gave momentary power,)
And plunged, and sunk, and struggled on,
But soon he found his strength was o'er.

Some little way he forced his track,
But now 't was fruitless all and vain ;
And with a starting tear turned back,
And looked upon his wife again.

He lived to see his babe expire ;
And then he placed them side by side ;
And kneeling o'er them in his grief,
Poured out his broken prayer, and died.

CONCLUSION.

This is indeed a varied scene,
With joys and griefs together thrown ;
We may be what we have not been,
What is before us is not known.

To-day our sun is pure and bright,
To-morrow he goes darkly down,
And they, who triumphed in his light,
Now weep and wither in his frown.

'T is God's to do as he sees fit ;
To raise us up or lay us low ;
'T is ours to worship and submit,
And bless the hand that gives the blow.

For though we cannot see it here,
Why we are called in grief to dwell ;
The time will come, when 't will appear,
That all was ordered right and well.

DARK-ROLLING CONNECTICUT.

I.

Oh, tell me no more of the blisses prevailing
In the canopied halls of the noble and great ;
Oh, tell me no more of the joys never-failing,
That are deemed at the feet of the wealthy to wait ;
For dearer than riches or power, are the mountains,
The hills and the vales, to remembrance allied ;
The murmuring of winds, and the rushing of fountains,
That haste to Connecticut's dark-rolling tide.

II.

Dark-rolling Connecticut ! Oft I remember
The days and the years, that I spent on thy shore,
And the tribute of tear-drops unconsciously render,
When thinking those days shall be present no more.
I walked by the side of thy waves darkly flowing,
And loud was the wild-bird, that sung in the trees ;
On thy green summer borders, the flowret was blowing,
And health from the mountains came borne on the
breeze.

III.

Though a dream of the past, still 't is fruitful of pleasure,
To remember, when nature had gone to decay,
And the forests were mantled in winter's white treasure,
How pleasantly passed the long evenings away.
Around the blithe hearth, that was cheerfully gleaming,
Drew the circle, where beauty and wit held their reign,
With soft sayings and smiles the day's hardships redeeming,
Ah, never to soothe the sad spirit again.

IV.

Remembrance the joy of those moments shall cherish,
 Though quickly they faded, though long they have past,
 Nor e'er from the depths of my heart shall they perish,
 As long as a throb in that bosom shall last.
 And I think, for we all must be summoned to part,
 'T would soften its anguish, my head could I pillow,
 When life, like a vision, shall fade from my heart,
 By the side of Connecticut's dark-rolling billow.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

In the glad days of summer the lily and rose,
 The delight of the garden, were fragrant and bright ;
 But their bloom and their fragrance have come to a close,
 And another short year hath betaken to flight.

'T is a few days ago, when I walked out one morn,
 As the sun was just rising above the green hill ;
 The pear-tree was laden, the flower hid the thorn,
 And sweet was the murmuring voice of the rill.

The thrush and the linnet were joyous and gay,
 The lark sweetly sung from his tent in the sky,
 From the hazel's retreat burst the black-bird away,
 And the fields seemed in music and beauty to vie.

But now the fair landscape hath lost its delight,
 The earth is all barren, the trees are all bare,
 The forest indeed wears a mantle of white,
 But the voices, that cheered it, no longer are there.

Wherever I look, there are signs of decay,
I hear the winds whistle unjoyous and drear,
The rills through the ice urge their desolate way,
And blighting and grief mark the death of the year.

Still the sun shall return and his lamp shall be nigh,
And the trees that are naked and torn by the blast,
Be again green as ever, and rich in his eye,
But the year of our life is the first and the last.

Our lamp shall wax dim, and our sun shall retire,
And our bodies return to the dust of their birth ;
Oh, who shall rekindle that lustreless fire,
And its beauty restore to that mouldering earth ?

A sun that's eternal shall burst on the tomb,
And commence a new year to the good and the wise ;
His rays their dark prison shall pierce and relume,
And sprinkle with splendor their path to the skies.

THE SICK CHILD.

THE sweat is standing on her brow,
The tear is beaming in her eye,
She doth not clasp her father now,
As in the happy days gone by.

Borne in her cradle of distress,
From morn to evening doth she lay ;
Her little arms are powerless,
She hath no strength to run or play.

The color fadeth from her cheek,
 Her bird-like voice is waning low;
 The lovely one, how kind and meek!
 What patience in her hour of woe!

Oh, could I once but hear her voice
 Speak out, as it was used to do,
 How would my spirits then rejoice,
 With that gay pleasure once they knew!

Out in the garden she would go,
 And play among the tender flowers;
 And birds would sing around her so,
 As if to win her to their bowers.

But now the sweat is on her brow,
 The tear is beaming in her eye;
 Passed are the sports and music now,
 That cheered us in the times gone by.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

Poor, wounded bird! my bosom aches for thee,
 As I thy torn and bleeding form behold.
 Wide in the sky no more thou shalt unfold
 Thy wings, exulting in their liberty.

It was but yester morn, I saw thee blest;
 I marked thy plumage gay and heard thee sing,
 And watched thee upward on thy early wing,
 Before the sunbeam found thy dewy nest.

Thou wast a tenant of the boundless air ;
Thy song, at coming morn, rejoicing loud,
Thrilled from the bosom of the golden cloud,
And thou didst lodge in light and beauty there.

Poor bird ! I would that I could bring relief,
And call thee back to joys and songs again ;
But that can never be ; these tears are vain ;
And thou shalt bow thy head in early grief.

I see thy heaving heart with throbs dilate ;
I mark the shadows of thy closing eye ;
Yes, thou art fallen low, but shalt not die,
Without a friend to mourn thy cruel fate.

THE HUNTERS.

THE moon hath bowed her orb of light,
And here we 'll rest, till morn is bright ;
The mountain deer were swift to-day,
And far have led our feet astray.

The cottage fire is out ; afar
The watch-dog bays the lingering star ;
Upon the mount springs up the deer,
And lifts his antlered head to hear.

But he shall rest again his eye
Beside the brook, that murmurs by ;
And lose in dreams and soft repose
The sense of weariness and woes.

The Hunters too shall sink to sleep,
 With burning pines their watch to keep ;
 While far and near the wakeful trees
 Make music in the nightly breeze.

But soon again the sun shall fling
 The daylight from his golden wing ;
 And hills, and woods, and waters far,
 Resound with horn and sylvan war.

'T IS MANY A YEAR.

'T is many a year, since first I drew
 Your airs, ye hills, with panting breast ;
 And on your rocks the loud halloo
 With voice and waving arm exprest.
 Your rugged steeps I loved to climb,
 And thence with eager eye survey,
 When seated on their brow sublime,
 The fields and farmhouse far away.
 'T is many a year.

Those years I wish would come again,
 Those distant times I oft recall ;
 Alas ! My youthful joys are slain ;
 I say, as silent tear-drops fall,
 Where are the days, when down your side
 The little sled, that bore me swift,
 At winter eve I loved to guide
 O'er icy steep and frozen drift ?
 'T is many a year.

Old men have died, since I was young ;
Young men have into manhood grown.
It is not now, as when I sung
Upon those distant hills alone,
And called upon the rocks to hear,
And called upon the trees around,
And rocks, and trees, and waters near
Echoed me back their joyful sound.
'T is many a year.

WHEN THE CHERUB OF MERCY.

WHEN the cherub of mercy to Heaven recalls us.
And waves his white hand from the bright fields above,
The thought most afflicting, and most that appalls us,
Is leaving the fond ones behind that we love:
Each throb of affection and bliss to extinguish,
From the bosom, cannot but elicit the sigh;
However all else we would gladly relinquish,
For the fields and the river of life in the sky.

But happier the fate that befell the two lovers,
Who fondly embracing on death calmly smiled,
When they sunk, where the foam of the dark billow hovers
O'er the grave, that with sea-flowers is blooming and wild.
Oh, they ne'er from each other's endearments were parted,
For the angel, who came in his gleaming array,
Could not, in his mercy, leave one broken-hearted,
And summoned them both to be the bright realms of day.

THE LANDSCAPE.

I CLIMBED the rude hills, at the closing of day,
And lingered delighted, while bright to my view
Was the landscape below me, at distance that lay,
And oped its wild beauties transporting and new.

The smoke from the cottage was curling beneath,
The cottage half-hid in the trees from mine eye;
While the clouds caught, in many a silvery wreath,
The gleams, that were purest and brightest of dye.

The wild birds were talking in leaf and in nest;
The brook sung aloud with its music divine;
And far in the vale, that sloped down to the West,
Was the bleating of sheep and the lowing of kine.

'T was lonely and rugged, the place where I stood,
But pleasures came over my heart in a throng;
The shout from the huntsman arose from the wood,
And I heard in the distance the shepherd-boy's song.

SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

Oh, lady! Sing that song again,
I'll sadly linger by;
I've heard it, on my native plain,
It then was able to unchain
Emotions high.

In youth I heard it, till the tears
Fast o'er my cheeks have stole ;
For loves, and joys, and hopes, and fears
Could in those young and buoyant years
The mind control.

And when I hear thee, lady, sing,
Though far those times are gone ;
It seems, as if each joyous thing,
More brightly waving memory's wing,
Came flying on.

I see once more my native vale,
Its birds once more I hear ;
And when the evening shades prevail,
The oft-told, legendary tale
Arrests mine ear.

Oh, yes ! 'T is sweet thy voice to hear,
And memory's dreams are sweet ;
And yet it wrings the bitter tear,
To think, what youthful friends I ne'er
Again shall greet.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind ;
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
 The storm spread out its wings of wo,
 Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
 Hung in the folds of every cloud ;
 Still, as long as life shall last,
 From that shore we 'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
 Than dwell where mind cannot be free ;
 But bows beneath a despot's rod
 E'en where it seeks to worship God.
 Blasts of heaven, onward sweep !
 Bear us o'er the troubled deep !

O, see what wonders meet our eyes !
 Another land, and other skies !
 Columbian hills have met our view ;
 Adieu ! Old England's shores, adieu !
 Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
 Hearts be free, and homes be blessed.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
 Their green arms o'er the mountain's head ;
 As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
 Where join the ocean and the land ;
 Shall those cliffs and mountains be
 Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we 'll raise
 The pæan loud of sacred praise ;
 More loud than sounds the swelling breeze
 More loud than speak the rolling seas !
 Happier lands have met our view !
 England 's shores, adieu ! adieu !

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SUN.

[Between the Flint and Oakmulge rivers, within the limits of the State of Georgia, is a vast marsh, which in the wet season is filled with water, and has the appearance of a lake. Here are a number of large islands or knolls of rich high land, one of which the Creek Indians, that formerly resided in the vicinity, were in the habit of representing as the most blissful spot on earth ; inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women were remarkable for their beneficence, as well as their incomparable beauty. They called them the Daughters of the Sun.—See Bartram's Travels, p. 25.]

Oh, their's is the lonely Isle of flowers,
And at morning and eve though laurel groves,
The voice of music is heard in their bowers,
And the wild deer listens, that thither roves.

The dew-drops of heaven their radiance fling,
O'er the breathing woods, that brightly smile ;
And the blooming cest of an endless spring
Is shining around that happy Isle.

No sorrow their radiant cheeks to shade,
Their hands and their hearts are fondly one ;
And the notes, by their fairy fingers played,
In mingling tides of rapture run.

And never the white dove sailing by,
Nor the star of evening's pensive reign,
With those hearts of light and love could vie,
The bosoms undimmed by folly's stain.

THE BOWER.

THE bower you taught for me to bloom,
As bright will shed its tints and perfume,
As if the hand, that decked it, were there,
Its hues and its balmy breath to share.

The warbler, whose sweet, entrancing strain
Sunk deep in the heart, till joy grew pain,
Will utter his notes as soft and clear,
As when we both were lingering near.

But the brightest array of nature's dress,
Though floating in light and loveliness,
Has never worn half so bright a hue,
As when we both her witchery knew.

And the music at evening's pensive hour,
That hallows our dew-besprinkled bower,
Has never beguiled a tear from me,
Which memory did not gild for Thee.

THE DESERTED ISLAND.

FROM our lovely retreat, when forever we part,
Where smile answered smile, and where heart beat to heart;
Oh, how often and fondly, though far we may be,
Will we think, thou blest Isle, of each other and thee.

We gazed on the waters. How gently they threw,
 To the sands that embrace thee, their circles of blue ;
 Then passed they to ocean, nor thought to delay ;
 So embraced we each other, and so haste away.

Though the flowers of thy borders grow faded and sear,
 Though the waves that caress thee so soon disappear ;
 In souls like thy waters unruffled and pure,
 The love, that we cherished, shall always endure.

Oh, the noon of our gladness, how soon 't is o'ercast !
 Adieu, ye enchantments, too lovely to last ;
 We'll go from the haunts where the blue billows roll,
 But the Isle and its waters shall live in the soul.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

I WOULD that I could sing the song,
 I sung beneath my native sky ;
 But something tells me 't would be wrong
 That note of joy again to try.

When winter comes, we list in vain
 To hear the merry birds of June ;
 Then ask me not to breathe the strain,
 Until the spirit is in tune.

For now, a wanderer far away,
 Another stream and vales I view ;
 And if I poured the joyful lay,
 My heart would answer, 't is not true.

No lover sings the song of bliss,
 When from his bosom's mate he 's parted ;
 The exile's soul, no less than his,
 Is lone, and sad, and broken-hearted.

Oh, when I breathe my native air,
 And tread once more my native plain ;
 Then shall my heart its joy repair,
 My tongue repeat its song again.

WHEN AUTUMN'S STAR WAS BRIGHTLY BEAMING.

I.

WHEN autumn's star was brightly beaming
 And shed on earth its silver ray ;
 When autumn's sky was redly gleaming
 With the last fires of parting day ;
 Upon a cliff, that proudly blended
 Its flinty bosom, frowning high,
 With crimson-tinted clouds and sky,
 Swiftly a virgin form ascended.

'T was Freedom's self that rose,
 And how her bright eye glows,
 As warning sound, around, around,
 With voice divine she throws.

II.

“Columbia's sons ! Your fathers firing,
 The flame of freedom in them grew ;
 Against oppression's chains conspiring,
 They fought, but not alone for you.

Their brilliant names are shrined in story ;
But you, (a shame to them and me,)
Who crush the black man's liberty,
Have done dishonor to their glory.
My heart the man disdains,
Who freedom's cause maintains,
But yet doth hold, for lust of gold,
His fellow-man in chains.

III.

“ My children dwell in every nation,
I hear their voice where'er they call ;
I heed not color, rank, or station ;
Give me the heart, and that is all.
He, who has blackness on his skin,
Or mean debasement in his birth,
Shall he not freely walk the earth,
If truth and honor dwell within ?
Then like your fathers be,
And let the slave go free,
And like a band of brothers stand
All one in liberty.”

COCHECO.

[The Cocheco is a small, but beautiful river, which flows through a portion of the county of Strafford, in N. H. The scenery along its borders is in many places pleasant and romantic; and it is the locality of some of the descriptions in the poems on American Cottage Life. It empties into the Piscataqua.]

'T is not that the waves of Cocheco

Are purer or brighter of glow,

Or brighter the shrubs and the flowrets,

O'er the waves of Cocheco that blow.

'T is not, that the sumac, which blushes,

As it bathes in its turbulent tide,

Or the song of the bird in its rushes,

Are better than thousands beside.

'T is not that the meadows are greener,

Or the oak trees more towering and hoar,

Or the canopied heavens serener,

Than you 've witnessed an hundred times o'er.

'T is this, that so gladdens Cocheco,

It shone on the times that have fled,

And the trees to be sure are the brightest,

That full often have waved o'er my head.

'T is this, that the days of my childhood

Have played 'mong its elms and its vines,

And remembrance can count every wildwood,

And murmuring haunt where it shines.

'T is this, that the waves of Cocheco

Still flow for the friends that are near,

'T is this, that so makes its recesses,

Its shades, and its roses so dear.

MAID OF SUNCOOK.

[Founded on certain painful events, unnecessary now to be repeated, which occurred some years since, in a family living in the neighborhood of the Suncook river, in N. H.]

YES, Edward, once I thought thee true,
And oh, too long did I believe thee ;
But now my faith I dearly rue,
And wail, that e'er thou couldst deceive me.

And couldst thou wring the bosom so,
That lived, exulted to caress thee ?
Oh, couldst thou rend this heart with woe,
When every throb arose to bless thee ?

Time was, when thou couldst call me fair,
And vow your love was mine forever ;
But oh, those words were empty air,
Though strong to break the heart, deceiver !

Then fare thee well, since thou wilt go,
And where thou canst, thy pleasures borrow ;
For me, though grief is mine, and woe,
No pangs shall goad my life to-morrow.

And if in death thine eyes behold me,
And watch thy Mary's pallid clay,
Think then of all thy lips have told me,
Think then, they flattered to betray.

Thus Mary's voice her anguish spoke,
When shifting clouds on high were driven,
When screamed the night-bird from the oak,
And shone the troubled stars of Heaven.

And from the cliff o'er Suncook's wave,
That round its craggy base was breaking,
She downward sought her watery grave,
And slept the sleep, that knows no waking.

SWEET HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

SWEET harp of my country! why hears not thy grot,
Through its bright hollow chambers, thy minstrelsy
swelling?
Have thy chords their seducing enchantment forgot?
Have music and glory forsaken thy dwelling?

Sweet harp of my country! how many long days
Of silence, affliction, and sleep must we number,
Ere the light of thy song shall console with its blaze,
And thy chords shall forever escape from their slumber?

Oh, soon may the wreaths, all unsullied and bright,
Grow verdantly round thee with splendor unbroken,
And thy halls utter music and spells of delight,
With a magic too holy and high to be spoken.

Oh, soon may some hand, more befitting than mine
With a glow that is worthy rush skillfully o'er thee,
And to all the dear wildness and sweetness, that 's thine,
To honor, to freedom, and virtue restore thee.

THE

DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

PART SECOND.

THE RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

THE

DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

*Patmos, or Meditations in Solitude.**

DARK rolled the angry ocean's ceaseless wave,
And uttered loud his everlasting roar
Around the solitary rocks of Patmos.
There sat the PROPHET, shut out from the world,
He, whom our Saviour loved, and bore him in
His bosom, the endeared Apostle John ;
Now old and weak in body, strong in faith,
An exile from mankind, but near to heaven.
Serene amid his sufferings, all his soul
Was wrapt in meditations, holy, high,
Such as become Christ's humble followers.
He thought on those, who are corrupt in sin,
The fallen and rebellious race of men ;
He thought on Him, who on the bloody cross
For sinful men did bear a cruel death,
Though now exalted and enthroned in heaven ;
And with a heart full of devotion's fire,
Maintained communion with the Holy One,

* Passages from an unfinished Poem.

Who on the Universe doth sit supreme,
The God, Creator, Father of all things.

And every man may have his Patmos, his
Secluded place ; some solitary wood,
Swept by bright streams and cheered by small birds' songs ;
Some island in the midst of waters wide,
That gently come and kiss its flowery feet ;
Some Bethel, such as that, where Jacob saw
Angels descend, and heard the voice of God ;
Some secret chamber, dedicate to prayer,
As that where Daniel went three times a day.
No matter where it is ; 't is Patmos there,
Where God is present, and where men are not ;
Where there is voice within, but stillness round ;
Where the rapt soul communes with things divine,
And earthly things are bidden far away.

INVOCATION.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, then, thou lonely place !
Ye hours of blest retirement, ye lone woods,
Ye changeless mountains, seldom trod by man,
Ye midnight watches, when the pensile stars,
And silver moon, give their benignant smile !
And in these favored seasons, places blest,
Withdrawn from clamorous strife, the foe of truth,
Oh, may the Holy Spirit, Comforter
And Teacher of mankind, illume this heart,
Darkened with sin ; sustain my erring powers ;
Repel each evil ; purify each thought.
He is the chosen Teacher ; men have sat
At Plato's feet, or from wise Socrates

Drunk knowledge in, and been refreshed ; but those
 Were human lights, and not divine ; the stars of earth,
 And not of heavenly flame, too apt to lead astray.
 But He, the fountain of all truth, who gave
 To prophets inspiration in old days,
 And rapt their spirits into future times,
 Unerring knowledge sheds, and makes the poor
 And low in heart, who feel and own their need,
 More wise than Greek, more wise than Roman sage.
 Men looked on Patmos as a dreary place,
 A dungeon made of solitary rocks,
 Without or flower, or budding tree, or song,
 Or any source of joy, or hope, or love ;
 But God did leave it not ; his angels stood
 On the sharp, pointed rocks, and viewless sung
 Sweet songs of peace, submission, blessed hope ;
 The Christian exiles heard with ravished souls ;
 And lonely, dark, and desert as it was,
 The Holy Ghost could change it into heaven.

GOD KNOWN FROM HIS WORKS.

Oh, thou all-powerful God ! all just, all wise !
 My heart before Thee bows, my intellect,
 My will. The powers which Thou hast given me,
 Whate'er their kind, whatever name they bear,
 Oh, may they e'er united homage yield
 Of faith, of feeling, and obedience.
 How can my faith be other than it is,
 While I have ears to hear, and eyes to see,
 And hands to handle, all the powers of touch,
 And taste, and smell, and sight, which link me to
 The world of outward things, material forms

Of every shape and hue, instinct with life,
With motion, beauty? A voice within,
Which 't is not wise to stifle and repress,
Proclaims, and loudly too, they have a cause.
He, who stands up to read in nature's book,
Inscribed with signatures distinct and bright,
Must have an eye obscured with unbelief,
An edge of intellection dull indeed,
Who doth not find God's name in every page.
Created things; how great, how wonderful!
Magnificently great, and fitted well
The glory of their Author to express!
"Th' invisible things of God, (so taught the blest
Apostle,) are made known from things created,
E'en his eternal power and Godhead." Then
Be mine to read his varied works, creation
To peruse with humbleness, and thence to learn,
From aught that doth attract my wondering gaze,
The marks and proofs of excellence divine.

POWER OF GOD.

ERE time began, the waters, heaving wide,
Wrapped darkly round the formless void of chaos,
And through its shapeless realms 't was blackness all.
God said, "*Let there be light,*" and light there was;
God thundered in the heavens, and the waves
Of the abyss were gathered to their place.
He cleft the rocks, the rounded vales he cleft,
And poured the cascades, brooks, and rivers down,
E'en from the shaggy mountains and high hills,
To rest at last in the sea's coral halls.
The cedars of Libanus he did make,

Where singing birds and beauteous build their nests ;
The fir-trees, where the stork doth make its house.
He gives the flower its hue and sinuous form ;
He makes the leaf, that twinkles in the breeze,
And spreads its canopy o'er weary travelers,
With summer's heat oppressed. He frames the shell,
That, with its wreathed and brightly spotted shape,
Adorns the ocean's sandy shores and depths.

And e'en beneath the surface of the earth,
The dark, hard crust, that gives itself to view,
God works, surpassing human power and skill.
He frames the precious ores, in texture firm,
Most beautiful, and durable as bright.
There crystalline forms are found, of endless shape,
Enriched with each variety of hue ;
There doth the many-colored opal shine ;
There grow the beds of marble, Parian,
Brexia, Carrara, countless other names,
Which, when brought forth to light, by artist wrought,
Stand glorious in the pillared Capitol,
O'erlaid with architrave and pediment ;
And oft in public halls, hold forth to view
The chiseled features of the great and good,
The friends and benefactors of mankind.
Thus dost Thou work in secret by thyself.

All animals are thine, no less than trees,
And shagged hills and the vast ocean deep,
And treasure-houses of earth's hidden min'rals ;
Not less than the great sun, whose golden lamp
Thou fillest every day, and the majestic moon.
Thou givest strength unto the insect's wing ;

Thou mak'st the music of the wild bird's song;
And when in the vast desert, where the foot
Of husbandman and shepherd never trod,
The leopard and the lion seek their food,
And wake with thundering voice the echoing woods,
Thou hearest, and they seek Thee not in vain.
The sea is thine, as well as the dry land,
And creeping things innumEROus and strange,
And beasts both small and great, that in the ocean
Have their dwelling place. And there doth play
The huge leviathan, armed at all points,
With scales thick set as warriors of old time,
With coats of mail. He sometimes sweeps along
The coasts, and sailors in their boats affrighted flee,
And landsmen watch him from the distant hills.
But all, oh God, are thine! Thou mad'st them all,
And givest them their meat in season due.

OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

NOR this thine only attribute; with power
Is joined ability to search and know.
Thou art a God of knowledge without bounds,
Whose piercing thought no limits can restrain.
As sweetly thine own Psalmist sung; "Great is
The Lord, his understanding infinite."
Isaiah too thy foresight hath proclaimed;
"From the beginning thou declar'dst the end,"
"From ancient times the things that are not done."
God is himself an universal eye,
Investing with its penetrating beam,
Whate'er hath been, whatever yet shall be;
The breadth, the height, the searchless depth of being.

Sometimes vain man doth most unwisely think,
That Deity knows not his every act,
That secret things are hidden from his view,
That outward deeds, in open daylight done,
And these alone have place in his regards.
Oh, cherish not the false, presumptuous thought !
God knows the inward, as the outward man ;
The action of the heart, as of the limbs.
Shall He, who hath so nicely framed the mind,
That intricate and wondrous workmanship,
Not understand its powers ? Shall not He know,
Who constantly supports the soul he made,
Its thoughts, desires, emotions, judgments, passions ?
Yes, he hath scanned them all. No darkness hides,
No secrecy conceals ; but solemn night
Is as the noon-day blaze, all open to
His sleepless eye, all naked, all exposed.

Go to the mountain tops, whose granite piles
Listen to nought but the dark eagle's scream,
And the loud whistling of the felon winds ;
And God is there. Go to the pathless woods,
By human foot ne'er trod, where wild flowers spring,
And the grim wolf doth fiercely guard her young ;
And God is there. Go down and down to the
Dark ocean depths, where the sea-serpent makes
His slimy bed, o'erhung with coral branches ;
And God is there. And say, where is He not ?
'T is He, that clothes the lily of the field
With beauty more than that of Solomon ;
With eye attentive both to man and beast,
He feeds the raven hungering for food,
And notes the feeble sparrow, as it falls ;

He numbereth every hair upon thy head ;
 And when dim evening comes “ with livery gray,”
 And throws her mantle o’er the slumbering world,
 And beast and bird have gone unto their couch,
 And man himself hath closed his weary eye,
 He takes his nightly round, protects thy door,
 Stands near thine unprotected place of rest,
 Till his own sun, rejoicing in the east,
 Returns to dissipate “ the ebon shades.”

To him, whose sight fair science hath not touched,
 Nor God’s Eternal spirit proffered light,
 There may be marks of an imperfect sway,
 Disorder in God’s works, and want of wisdom.
 ’T is in thy vision, not in him who made ;
 In thy weak understanding, not in God.
 On every side there are the signatures,
 The proofs and testimonies of, a mind
 That knew what it had planned, and planned it best.

JUSTICE OF GOD.

God hath all power, all knowledge ; and that power
 And knowledge doth he righteously employ
 For righteous ends. Deep in the universe
 Are the foundations laid of right, of justice ;
 Immutable foundations laid secure,
 Of perfect right, justice unchangeable.
 No lapse of time, no change of circumstance,
 No mere appurtenance of name, or place, or rank,
 Can alter rectitude, make that a crime
 Which virtuous was before, or moral wrong
 Convert to moral good. Virtue and vice,

Stamped with their own peculiar attributes,
With lines of beauty or with depths of shade,
Have their own fit, unalterable nature.
Though all things else should mingle, change, decay,
Virtue and vice remain the same, unchanged ;
They dwell apart, and never can approach.
And virtue dwells in God, shining through all
His character. Whate'er he does is right ;
Whate'er designs to do can ne'er be wrong ;
And justice will He measure out to all,
The dwellers in his measureless domains,
Administered in his own way and time.
Though men of crimes and blood at times bear sway,
And men of truth and virtue wear the chain,
"There is a God above us ;" all is well.
The heart, reposing fully upon Him,
Has nought of doubt or fear ; but trusting firm
In that great arm which rules the universe,
Beholds in partial evil general good,
And joins the song of angels round the throne,
"Holy art Thou, oh God, and just and true !

Men utter their complaints ; but not
With right. 'T is not for man, child of the dust,
And being of an hour, to fathom and
Explore the height and depth and length and breadth
Of the omniscient sway. He cannot frame
An insect's tiny wing ; he cannot make
A blade of grass to grow ; perplexed and puzzled
By the meanest thing that creeps the earth, or floats
Upon the air : and shall his feeble mind
Run parallel with that of God ? Shall he,
Who knows but little, nor that little well,

Affect to scrutinize the plans of heaven,
Announcing what is wrong and what is right ?
'T is God's prerogative and sovereign power,
To bring from evil good, from bitter sweet,
Glory from shame, and joy from wretchedness.
When wide-spread havoc lays creation waste,
And when, on every side and place, arise
The breathings of distress and sounds of woe,
He opes a sudden light, dispels the gloom,
And shows that mercy nestled in the storm.

Behold from Afric's dark and suffering shore,
The slave-ship comes. Beneath her pirate flag
Sit mothers and their children, hopeless all,
In mute, o'erwhelming, matchless misery.
Humanity sheds bitter, burning tears ;
And faith, e'en as the bulrush, hangs her head ;
And all exclaim, How can it happen thus ?
How can it be, that the just, awful God,
Who sits in heaven, and from whose searching eye
Nothing escapes, who hath all might and power,
Millions of flaming bands to guard his throne,
Lets such dread scenes of crime go unavenged ?
Not so. The day of retribution comes,
The day of lamentation, woe, remorse,
To all the instruments of wickedness.
He breaks the captive's bonds and sets him free.
He bids the slave to speak in Chatham's tongue,
And kindles in his soul a Hampden's fire ;
And gives him higher views and better hopes,
And makes him know and feel, that he 's a man.
And they, who came a poor, degraded thing,
Who knew the bitter pang, and that was all,

Now wakened to a sense of their own rights,
Tread, with a freeman's foot and heart, the soil,
Which they so long have wet with tears and blood :
Or thinking of their distant father land,
And filled with pity for the dwellers there,
Return with bliss and acclamations high,
And carry arts, religion, freedom, peace.

THE DIVINE MERCY.

AND Thou art merciful as just. Thy deeds,
By justice guided, prompted are by love.
On Sinai's mount of old Thou didst descend,
And to thy servant Moses there proclaim,
“The Lord in goodness and in truth abundant,
The Lord, long-suffering, gracious, merciful,
Iniquity forgiving, sin, transgression,
For thousands keeping mercy.” Free it flows,
As summer brooks, where shepherds' flocks do drink,
And visits all. It has its fountain in
Th' Eternal Mind, and while that Mind remains
The same as it has ever been, with all
Perfection marked, and excellence adorned,
Mercy shall be its glorious attribute.
And who is he, to whom it is dispensed ?
Who the recipient, on whom 't is poured ?
Is it not man, poor, feeble, sinful man ?
A rebel against God, whose passions are
Arrayed and prompt to violate the hands,
That shower these mercies down ? How wondrous then
Thy goodness ! How sublime ! When man forgets
Thee, and is occupied with his own lusts,
Thy mercy still attends him, gives him food,

Protects him from the dangers that beset,
Provides for every want with watchful care,
As though he loved Thee, thought of Thee alone.
But most of all, thou gav'st thine only Son.
Herein is love, compassion, mercy's self,
That Jesus died for us, when we were sinners.
Though equal with the Father, and arrayed
With attributes that bowed the glowing hearts
Of angels and seraphic natures high;
He took upon himself man's fleshly form,
And toiled and taught and met with keen rebuke,
And died at last to save his enemies.
God aims to renovate, and strives to save,
Nor willing smites the creatures he hath made.
He seeks to change unreasonable hate
To love, and render happy those, who have
Destroyed themselves. And, with such merciful ends,
He uses various means, adapted to the state
And wants of those, whom he would guide and bless;
To glory guide, and bless with endless bliss.

GOD MERCIFUL IN JUDGMENTS.

WHOM God doth love, he chastens and reproves.
When worldly lusts cleave to his followers,
The love of honor, wealth, or carnal ease,
He purifies the soul, as if by fire;
With a consuming flame he burns the dross,
And thus brings out the lustre of the ore.
He makes the wealthy poor, the honored base,
Sends racking pains on dwellers at their ease,
And thus by sorrow, makes his people hear,
Who, when He spoke in mercy, closed their ears,

Or listened but to the world's syren songs.
Parents have loved their children more than God,
And then, to save the sire, he takes the son,
And plucks the daughter from the mother's arms,
And makes them full of tears and desolate.
But call him not unmerciful, unkind ;
'T is seeming cruelty, substantial love ;
A father's heart beneath a frowning face.
As, in the parched and thirsty wilderness,
Moses did smite the rock, whence came relief
To Israel's famished multitude, so God
Doth smite, and smite with an almighty arm ;
But from the wounded, broken, bleeding heart,
He gently draws perennial blessings out ;
Submission, penitence, returning joy,
Enduring love and everlasting life.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

THERE is a power in supplicating lips,
There is in every good man's fervent prayer
A potency ; and it availeth much.
Mark yonder aged man, unknown to fame,
Who dwells in some lone cot remote, unseen,
Embosomed deep in thick, embowering trees.
Though poor, unhonored, ignorant perchance,
At night he calls around his modest hearth
His family, and reads the Word of God,
With serious look, the index of his heart,
And then devoutly prays. Prayer is his breath.
At morning, noon, and night his humble cry,
Prompted by penitence, and hope, and love,
Is upward sent from a believing soul.

Is there no power in that? And is his prayer,
Unknown and all unhonored as he is,
Uttered in vain? Oh, no! It cannot be;
But mounting upward to the God of heaven,
And to Jehovah's bosom penetrating,
It works its purpose. Those, who never heard
His name or place, too low for their regards,
May yet the blessing reap, unmeasured good.

Oh, for a spirit of prayer devout and deep,
A fervency and power of supplication,
A ceaseless call and knocking at the gate
And sanctuary of the Most High God,
The giving up of soul Elijah prayed with,
The fervency of Paul, or, more than either,
His power of prayer, who in the Garden prayed,
Spending whole nights! Then would the mourner's heart
With joy be filled; the sinner's dark career
Of guilt be stopped; the churches rise and from
The dust would shake themselves, and soon be seen
Wearing their shining robes. All nature calls,
Throughout her wide and complicate domain,
For more and deeper intercourse with God,
Who gives the surety of his sacred Word,
That praying breath is never spent in vain.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Shepherd loves his flock; with care he guides
Them to the pleasant pasture grounds and brooks,
That murmur music soft, and kiss the roots
Of elm and scented birch. And ever and
Anon with pastoral pipe he breathes a strain,

That flocks, and streams, and woods, delight to hear.
Oh, Christ ! Thou art our Shepherd, and we hear,
Entranced with deepest ravishment, thy voice,
Sweeter than sound of earthly shepherd's lute,
For thine own lips have said, "*I know my sheep.*"
Yes, Thou dost know them ; not a lamb shall stray,
Entangled in the depths of woods remote,
But Thou wilt mark its wanderings, and restore
It safe to thine own chosen, cherished fold.

MEDITATION.

THE Christian loves to meditate alone ;
For when alone, he's not in solitude,
But holds communion with the mighty God,
And with his Son divine. Therefore he seeks
The far remote and solitary place,
The secrecy of woods, the walk retired,
The banks of rivers, where the herb and flower
In silent beauty speak their Maker's praise,
The mountain and its caverned sanctuaries.
And hence to him the preciousness of night,
Of moonless, starless, solitary night ;
For when the bright array of lighted heaven
Is closed up in the universal blot
Of beauty, stars within the soul shine forth,
With golden ray melting the darkened veil
Of unbelief, of sorrow, and of doubt,
And bathing with a flood of light the heart.

The Sabbath.

I.

IT is the time of rest, the Sabbath day,
That summons from the heart the gentle strain ;
Nor well may those withhold the votive lay,
Who know the joys, that follow in its train.
The Sabbath ! What associations cling,
Holy and high, to that beloved name !
It is not mine upon poetic wing
To soar aloft, and bear it forth to fame ;
But e'en from one like me a tribute it may claim.

II.

How pleasantly above the eastern hill
Its dawning comes ! Its golden light doth rest,
All undisturbed, on tree, and bank, and rill,
And laughing creeps into the wild bird's nest.
The little bird, borne high on dewy wings,
Renews his song ; there is no other sound ;
Save where the bubbling brook in concert sings,
And lowing ox sends loud his joys around,
No longer to the yoke in patient labor bound.

III.

And why should hapless man forever moil,
Nor rest to body or to soul impart ?
Six days in seven are long enough for toil,
The other shines for worship and the heart.
When God, the Maker, framed the rising earth,
From night and dull chaotic forms released,
And singing stars proclaimed its wondrous birth,
Upon the seventh morn his labor ceased ;
He sanctified the Day to wearied man and beast.

IV.

He gave it to the rich alike and poor ;
He blessed and hallowed it, till time shall end ;
And bade its light the languid limb restore,
And come to prisoner and to slave a friend.
When o'er the hills its signal is displayed,
Silence shall reign, the city's murmur cease,
The fervent haste of rural toil be stayed,
E'en the tired steer, that knows but little peace,
Shall claim its sacred hours, and gain a short release.

V.

This is the honor of its sacred ray ;
The blessings these, that fly upon its wing ;
Where 'er it comes, tired labor hies away,
And he, who toiled, will sit him down and sing.
See how the scythe hangs idly on the tree !
No sound is heard from yonder noisy mill ;
The busy maiden's wheel stands silently ;
The smiting spade hath ceased the earth to till,
The plough is in the glebe ; the ringing anvil still.

VI.

It is a day of rest for passion too ;
 Pale DISCONTENT no longer clouds his brow ;
 ANGER, that looked with stern, distorted view,
 Calms his loud voice, and smooths his aspect now.
 E'en AVARICE, with firm relentless hold,
 Unclenches his hard grasp and patient sits,
 Nor scrambles here and there for muckle gold,
 As if beset for life or out of wits ;
 And JEALOUSY no more shakes in his green-eyed fits.

VII.

But there are other visitants—for, lo,
 DEVOTION comes with sweeping length of stole ;
 In her raised eye the sacred fervors glow,
 Disclosing clear her purity of soul.
 Two little children gather at her side,
 The one, called PENITENCE, doth hardly dare
 To raise her mourning eye ; and with her hair
 She wipes away the tears, she would not hide ;
 No longer shall her feet in sinful paths abide.

VIII.

The other child, that held the parent hand,
 With eye undimmed by shadows or by tears,
 (Her gentle name is LOVE,) doth smiling stand,
 With glowing heart, that hath no place for fears ;
 But peace upon her open brow doth shine,
 And joy is penciled on her aspect bright.
 Whoever to her presence may incline,
 Will find their sorrows vanish at the sight ;
 She doth but speak a word, and fills them with delight.

IX.

Peace breathes in all around. The smoke ascends
 From yonder cottage through the silent air ;
 Quick with the scene Imagination blends,
 And sees beside the hearth the Grandsire there.
 He reads aloud the venerated Book,
 His form bent low, his tresses silver gray ;
 And, quickened by his words and serious look,
 The children, mindful of the Sabbath day,
 Bestow the patient ear, and learn the better way.

X.

The Sabbath to the cottager is dear,
 Because it welcomes to the hearth's bright blaze,
 The sons and daughters, who in toil severe
 Fulfill, remote from home, the other days.
 Their home, sweet home, is pleasant in their eyes ;
 But they are poor, and work gives honest bread.
 The Sabbath light, that gilds the ruddy skies,
 And sees them gathered in their humble shed,
 Calls from the parent heart fresh blessings on their head.

XI.

Nor man alone is blest. The lowing herd,
 That crowd around his door, express their joy ;
 The wild beast of the wood, the mounting bird,
 That high at heaven's gate finds sweet employ,
 Imbibe the chartered mercies of the day.
 No longer by the faithless hook betrayed,
 The spotted trout darts in his wonted play.
 The hare, that nestled in the thickest shade,
 Now leaps across the path, and o'er the sunny glade.

XII.

It is the day of Worship. Where the rill,
Bright with the sunbeams, gives its soothing sound,
The Church adorns the gently rising hill,
And flowers spring up, and trees are planted round.
The villagers, within its sacred wall,
Are wont upon the Sabbath's hours to meet,
Upon the great Creator's name to call,
And pour their homage at the Saviour's feet,
In supplication's voice, and anthem simply sweet.

XIII.

And now it is the customary time,
When to their rural temple they repair.
Filled with the thoughts of duty, pure, sublime,
The Holy Bible in their hands they bear.
Matrons their little flock prepare to lead ;
And village maids, in youth's rejoicing bloom,
And feeble, aged men, the staff that need,
And childhood gay, with Sunday frock and plume,
Churchward their solemn way at wonted hour resume.

XIV.

And from the holy place behold him rise,
God's messenger ; his locks are thin and white ;
He upward lifts his mildly glancing eyes,
And supplicates the God of life and light,
Not with mere lips, but with the spirit's breath ;
For in his mind it is no vulgar prize,
To pluck the soul from sin, and woe, and death,
And plant it, starlike, in the spotless skies,
To shine with quenchless blaze, when man and nature dies.

XV.

He was indeed the shepherd of his fold,
And sought in body and in soul their good.
Unbribed to labor by the charms of gold,
He patient toiled, and strong in virtue stood.
The sordid ties, that human hearts control,
The bonds of earth, swayed not his stedfast mind,
That pointed, like the needle to the pole,
To Him, who died to rescue human kind ;
In nothing else did he abiding pleasure find.

XVI.

Sometimes his cherished people mourned their dead ;
Perhaps a darling child his head doth bow ;
And bitter are the tears the parents shed,
As they bend o'er the loved one's pallid brow.
At that sad hour the constant pastor near
His sympathy and consolation lends.
Skillful, he wipes away the mourner's tear,
And shows that God, in what of ill he sends,
Though now his ways are dark, some secret good intends.

XVII.

His days were days of watchfulness and prayer,
And, while he trod himself the narrow road,
He taught the lost to turn their footsteps there,
And cast away transgression's heavy load.
And for their help he plead the Holy Page,
The promise fair, in words of light displayed,
That those, who tread the heavenly pilgrimage
And humbly seek, shall have the needed aid,
To the Redeemer dear, though oft by sins betrayed.

XVIII.

Nor was he all unheeded ; but his voice,
As if an angel's joyous lips were nigh,
Availed to make the trembling heart rejoice ;
Nor seldom penitence bedewed the eye
Of those, who long the Savior set at nought.
Then was his spirit glad ; peace filled his soul,
If he availed, by heavenly wisdom taught,
To lead from sin, and its attendant dole,
E'en one to better paths and virtue's blest control.

XIX.

Yes, there's a rest, he said, a Sabbath near,
More pure and holy than we now behold.
There may we all, in long communion dear,
Together meet, the shepherd and the fold.
Peace to his silent dust ! And may he find,
As o'er that Sabbath clime his feet shall tread,
The wanderer and the lost, the halt and blind,
By precept taught and by example led,
Up to the realms of light, to Christ their blessed head.

Evening Reflections.

HUSHED was the tumult of the day,
The evening's wonted breeze was still;
The placid moon, with silver ray,
Chequered the groves of vale and hill,
And not a cloud o'er all the sky,
Was witnessed by my wandering eye.

The light was out in each lone cot,
The farmer slept at nature's call,
And sound or action reached me not,
Save but the cricket in the wall.
The beast was on his lair ; his breast
The bird had pillow'd on his nest.

Then thought my soul of each dear scene,
Where childhood sported gay and boon ;
The gambols on the village green,
Beneath the pale and watchful moon,
When friends and nature had a charm
The sting of sorrow to disarm.

Nor did my soul find resting here ;
But prompted by this hour of bliss,
She soared above this earthly sphere,
And found a scene more calm than this ;
A heaven, where there is endless joy,
No cares invade, no griefs annoy.

Sennacherib.

[“Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred and four-score and five thousand ; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses : So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed.” Isa. xxxvii. 36, 37.]

THE trumpet pealed its joyful cry,
The coal-black war-horse neighed ;
The glittering banner floated high,
With heart of steel and threatening eye
Each warrior drew his blade.

The setting sun at close of day,
O'er Carmel's mount of dew,
Bathed with its light the proud array
Of champing steeds and plumage gay,
And flags that glittering flew.

But lo ! The morn returns from far,
And snowy plume and sword,
The haughty chief, the steed of war,
The lifted trump, the smoking car,
Have fall'n before the Lord.

God's angel, like the desert's blast,
Came flying down the sky ;
He hurled his vengeance as he past,
And every warrior breathed his last,
And closed was every eye.

Oh Lord, with Thee is endless might,
To Thee be endless praise ;
For Thou canst curb the crimson fight,
The warrior's plume of glory blight,
And quench his armor's blaze.

Dying Thoughts.

[“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Matt. xvi. 26.]

My spirit sinks beneath death's chilling blight,
Earth's stars and suns no more for me shall shine ;
But in eternity's broad, searching light,
How shall I stand with such a heart as mine ;
A heart so prone to earth, so far from God,
In mercy's hour so vain, and so ingrate,
So unsubmitting 'neath affliction's rod,
So full of evil at its best estate !
With such a darkened heart I'm called to steer
My bark upon Eternity's broad sea ;
My sails are all afloat, and loud I hear
The torrent waves dash wide and fearfully.
And shall I perish ? Lost or not, I go !
Oh, God ! To thee at this dread hour I turn.
Oh, whisper to my soul, and let me know
The humbled sinner Thou wilt never spurn.
Hast Thou not said it ! Dark I am, impure ;
And only through Thy love, my soul can be secure.

Scripture Sonnets.

(I.) THE LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL.

[“Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” John viii. 34, 36.]

If thou, oh God, wilt make my spirit free,
Then will that darkened soul be free indeed;
I cannot break my bonds, apart from thee,
Without thy help I bow and serve and bleed.
Arise, oh Lord, and in thy matchless strength,
Asunder rend the links my heart that bind,
And liberate and raise and save, at length,
My long enthralled and subjugated mind.
And then with strength and beauty in her wings,
My quickened soul shall take an upward flight,
And in thy blissful presence, King of kings,
Rejoice in liberty and life and light,
In renovated power and conscious truth,
In faith and cheerful hope, in love and endless youth.

(II.) DIVINE LIGHT.

[“For Thou art my lamp, Oh Lord ; and the Lord will enlighten my darkness.”—“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach recovery of sight to the blind.” 2 Sam. xxii. 29 : Luke iv. 18.]

ON every side mysterious things abound,
 In earth and sky and ocean’s deep domain,
 Which man’s poor reason utterly confound,
 Beyond his power to fathom or explain.
 His mind is dark. In what way shall he see ?
 Oh, God ! Form thou thine image in my heart,
 Implant thy likeness in my spiritual part,
 And help me to behold all things in thee.
 Thou art the source of light. That light, when through
 My darkened mind its radiance is streaming,
 In all its shadowy, secret places beaming,
 At once dispels the dimness of my view.
 In thy light seeing light, my raptured eye
 Doth every where behold love and infinity.

(III.) THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[“The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want ; he maketh me to lie down in the green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters.” Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.]

BLEST Jesus ! Thou the gentle Shepherd art,
That watchest for thy flock with sleepless care ;
The lambs within thy bosom thou dost bear,
And warm the sick and fainting on thy heart.
When beats the heated sun upon their head,
And heaviness oppresses thy poor flock,
Then dost thou lead them to some shadowy rock,
Or where umbrageous trees are overspread.
To pastures thou dost guide us by thy crook,
Where tender plants and buds and flowrets grow,
“Flowers red and white,” that bend o'er waves below,
The peaceful waves of many a cooling brook.
Oh, gentle Shepherd ! guide us on our way,
Watch o'er thy tender lambs, nor let them go astray.

(IV.) FEAR OF DEATH.

[“ For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better.” Phil. i. 23.]

THE body perishes, but not the mind ;
The outward man decays, but that within
Shall grow more pure and bright, like gold refined,
Rebuilt in strength, and separate from sin.
E'en now I feel the purifying flame,
A fire from heaven is kindling in my heart,
Diffusing greater joy than words can name,
And pouring light through all the mental part.
That fire shall burn long after the sad hour,
When death shall bring the body to the grave ;
Increasing in its brightness and its power,
Long as eternal ages roll their wave.
Why should we tremble, then, and fear to die ;
Death but unbinds the soul, and frees us for the sky.

(v.) THE POWER OF GOD IN CREATION.

[“Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called ; I am He ; I am the first ; I also am the last. Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned out the Heavens.” Isaiah xlvi. 12, 13.]

THE boundless heavens, oh Lord, are made by Thee,
And Thou hast made the stars that through them gleam,
And Thou, the silver moon with placid beam ;
They all proclaim Thy power and majesty.
And Thou hast made the earth and all its fountains,
The fountains, where the wild beast slakes its throat ;
The myriads of birds, with vernal note,
Cheering the forests waving on the mountains.
And thou hast made the sea and all therein,
Its caverned solitudes and rocky shore,
Its heaving waves and everlasting roar,
Its fishes and its huge Leviathan.
Great God ! The everlasting God art Thou ;
Before Thee let all hearts with humble reverence bow,

(vi.) THE SABBATH.

[“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God.” Exod. xx. 8, 9, 10.]

OUR nation’s glory is her Sabbath’s light,
The day of quiet, purity, and rest.
Her children then in holy acts unite,
The world forgotten, worldly cares repressed.
This is the day, “ of all the week the best,”
The source of private bliss and public power :
May praises, poured from the believing breast,
And humble supplications fill each hour.
And in our day of woe, our trying time,
The Sabbath’s God shall lend a listening ear,
And coming swift upon the clouds sublime,
For our protection and defence appear.
He is the friend and helper of the cause
Of those who venerate and keep his holy laws.

(VII.) NECESSITY OF DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

[“But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” 1 Cor. ii. 14.]

Oh, send one ray into my sightless ball,
Transmit one beam into my darkened heart !
On Thee, Almighty God, on Thee I call,
Incline thy listening ear, thine aid impart !
In vain the natural sun his beams doth yield,
In vain the moon illumines the fields of air ;
The eye-sight of my soul is quenched and sealed,
And what is other light, if shades are there !
Beyond the sun and moon I lift my gaze,
Where round thy throne a purer light is spread,
Where seraphs fill their urns from that bright blaze,
And angels' souls with holy fires are fed.
Oh, send from that pure fount one quickening ray,
And change these inward shades to bright and glorious day.

(viii.) RESTORATION TO THE DIVINE IMAGE.

[“We are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” 2 Cor. iii. 18.]

UPON the morning flower the dew’s small drop,
So small as scarcely to arrest the eye,
Receives the rays from all of heaven’s wide cope,
And images the bright and boundless sky.
And thus the heart, when ’t is renewed by grace,
Recalled from error, purified, erect,
Receives the image of Jehovah’s face,
And though a drop, the Godhead doth reflect.
It hath new light, new truth, new purity,
A rectitude unknown in former time,
A love, that in its arms of charity
Encircles every land and every clime;
Submission, and in God a humble trust,
And quickened life to all, that’s pure and kind and just.

(IX.) THE BLESSED NAME OF CHRIST.

[“If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye ; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you. On their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.” 1 Peter, iv. 14.]

WHATE’ER our griefs in life, whate’er in death,
If doomed perchance to feel the martyr’s flame,
Still, with our last and agonizing breath,
In joy will we repeat Christ’s precious name :
Oh ! there’s a magic in that glorious word ;
No other has such power ; the mighty voice,
From senatorial lips and patriots heard,
Can ne’er like this enkindle, rouse, rejoice.
For Christ’s dear name the saints, without a groan,
In times of old met death upon their knees ;
For Christ’s dear name the lonely Piedmontese
Down headlong o’er the crimson rocks were thrown.
That blessed name gives hope and strength and zeal,
That sets at nought alike the flood, the fire, the steel.

(x.) TRUE RECTITUDE.

[“And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.” Acts xxiv. 16.]

WHAT constitutes the true nobility ?
Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp, nor power ;
Fools have them all ; and vicious men may be
The idols and the pageants of an hour.
But 't is to have a good and honest heart,
Above all meanness and above all crime,
And act the right and honorable part
In every circumstance of place and time.
He, who is thus, from God his patent takes,
His Maker formed him the true nobleman ;
Whate'er is low and vicious he forsakes,
And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan.
Things change around him ; changes touch not him ;
The star, that guides his path, fails not, nor waxes dim.

(xi.) SUBJECTION TO GOD.

[“ See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me ; I kill and I make alive ; I wound and I heal ; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.” Deut. xxxii. 39.]

SOMETIMES doth my up-lifted heart suggest
It is not good Jehovah's yoke to bear ;
Forgive, oh God, the thought, and teach my breast
There's safety in thine arm, and only there.
If God be not my master, where's my place ?
If I his kingdom leave, where shall I go ?
E'en frightened Chaos bows before his face,
And Hell's dark world doth his dominion know.
May my poor will, O God, be bowed to thine,
Each thought, each purpose, feeling, as thine own,
Ever harmonious with thy great design,
And humbly circling round the central throne.
In thee I live, with thee move joyous on,
Without thy power am lost, extinct, and gone.

(xii.) THE MILLENNIAL DAY.

[“They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain : for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.” Isa. xi. 9.]

UPON God’s Holy Mountain all is peace.
Of clanging arms and cries and wail, no sound
Goes up to mingle with the gentle breeze,
That bears its perfumed whispers all around.
Beneath its trees that spread their blooming light,
The spotted leopard walks ; the ox is there ;
The yellow lion stands in conscious might,
Beneath the dewy and illumined air.
A little child doth take him by the mane,
And leads him forth, and plays beneath his breast.
Nought breaks the quiet of that blest domain,
Nought mars its harmony and heavenly rest :
Picture divine and emblem of that day,
When peace on earth and truth shall hold unbroken sway

(XIII.) THE SOVEREIGN WILL.

[“Thou hast a mighty arm ; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.” Psalm lxxxix. 13.]

THERE is one ruling power, one sovereign will,
One sum and centre of efficiency.
’T is like the mystic wheel within the wheel
The prophet saw at Chebar. Its decree
Goes from the centre to the utmost bounds
Of universal nature. Its embrace
And penetrating touch pervades, surrounds
Whate’er has life or form or time or place.
It garnishes the heavens, and it gives
A terror and a voice to ocean’s wave.
In all the pure and gilded heights it lives,
Nor less in earth’s obscurest, deepest cave.
Around, above, below its might is known,
Encircling great and small, the footstool and the throne.

(XIV.) HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR.

[“My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.” Cant. v. 2.]

THE stars are shining from their depths of blue,
And one is standing at the door and knocks ;
He knocks to enter in. His raven locks
Are heavy with the midnight’s glittering dew.
He is our FRIEND ; and great his griefs have been,
The thorns, the cross, the garden’s deep distress,
Which he hath suffered for our happiness ;
And shall we not arise, and let him in ?
All hail, thou chosen one, thou source of bliss !
Come with thy bleeding feet, thy wounded side ;
Alas, for us Thou hast endured all this ;
Enter our doors, and at our hearth abide !
Chill are the midnight dews, the midnight air ;
Come to our hearts and homes, and make thy dwelling there.

(xv.) CONFIDENCE IN GOD IN BEREAVEMENTS.

[“A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel, weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.” Jer. xxxi. 15.]

WHY has my child, my darling child departed ?
Why has my God in wrath that loved one taken ?
Leaving me desolate and broken-hearted,
O'erwhelmed and prostrate, hopeless and forsaken.
And is it all in wrath that I am smitten,
And pressed with burdens heavy to be borne ?
Hope yet, my soul, in God, for he hath written
With his own finger, *blessed are they who mourn.*
Perhaps I loved my child more than my God,
Neglecting and forgetting every other,
And He in mercy sent the chastening rod,
And took away the child to save the mother.
Farewell, then, earth ! Why should I look below ?
I too will take my staff, and weeping heavenward go.

(xvi.) THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

[“ These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” Heb. xi. 13.]

THE light of FAITH doth guide us kindly on,
Like Israel’s cloud by day and fire by night.
High o’er our heads, its splendor waxes bright,
When every other blaze is dark and gone.
By FAITH did Noah sail upon the flood,
By FAITH did Abraham offer up his son ;
By FAITH the prophets and apostles won
A crown in heaven, on earth a crown of blood.
Their journey here was through a sea of flame ;
They trod it fearless, for before their eye
The star of faith shone brightly in the sky,
And showed upon each beam Christ’s blessed name.
Oh, let it shine for us, till we, as they,
Shall climb these rugged cliffs, and reach the hills of day.

(XVII.) MEEKNESS OF SPIRIT.

[“Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peace makers ; for they shall be called the children of God.” Mat. v. 5, 9.]

WHEN there are clouds and tempests in the mind,
And peace and mercy are by wrath displaced,
It breaks the plan of love which heaven designed,
And turns the blooming garden to a waste.
Then keep thy soul in peace and quietness,
And strive each evil passion to restrain,
And God will smile upon thee, and will bless,
And his bright image in thy breast maintain.
He, who did bow his blessed head in woe,
The Saviour of the meek and lowly heart,
Did he not pray for those who struck the blow,
And bless the ruffian hand that aimed the dart ?
Oh, be like Him, calm, patient, self-controlled,
He, who can rule himself, has richer wealth than gold.

(xviii.) GOD ANGRY WITH REBELLIOUS NATIONS.

[“Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, I will even rend it with a stormy wind in my fury ; and there shall be an overflowing shower in mine anger, and great hail-stones in my fury to consume it.” Ezek. xiii. 13.]

Oh, God ! when nations rise against thy power,
And stand with haughty and rebellious eye ;
Then do the angry, muttering thunders lower,
And stormy lightnings cleave the trembling sky.
Oh, who, unscathed, thy vengeance shall defy,
Thy day of desolation, blood, and flame ?
Jehovah is not man, that he should lie,
And see dishonor put upon his name.
He buried haughty Babylon in dust,
E'en his beloved Zion felt the rod ;
There is no hope, no confidence, no trust,
But in the favor and the arm of God.
His friends are safe, secure from every foe,
His enemies shall bow, and fall beneath his blow.

(XIX.) GOD RIGHTEOUS IN JUDGMENTS.

[“Clouds and darkness are round about him ; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” Ps. xcvi. 2.]

SAD is my heart, embittered with deep grief,
E'en as a bulrush I bow down my head ;
The dark, substantial clouds are overspread,
I see no friendly hand, find no relief.
No more I taste the joys which once I tasted,
My hopes, my honors, and my pleasures flown ;
There's nought on earth which I can call my own ;
All blackened, withered, torn away, and wasted,
And, in their stead, afflictive tears and woe.
Oh, give me faith, Thou holy, sovereign Power,
That I may know the hand that smites me so.
Oh, give me faith, when the dark tempests lower,
To yield Thee reverence and submission due ;
Thou art the righteous God, thy judgments just and true.

(xx.) CONSOLATION IN THE GOSPEL.

[“That we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast.”
Heb. vi. 18, 19.]

How beautiful, as fades the gloom of night,
How beautiful the early sunbeams fall
In long and leveled lines of light, o'er all
The wide expanse of plain, and vale, and height,
And clothe them with a young and purple bloom!
So, when my heart environed is with sorrow,
And from the earth no ray of hope can borrow,
The Gospel's glory dissipates its gloom.
That Gospel plants a sun within my breast,
Which hath the power to change dark shades to day;
Unchanged, unfailing, it transmits its ray,
And e'en in sorrow makes my bosom blest.
The vales throw off their shades, the mists take wing,
The flowers unfold their leaves, the birds start up and sing.

(xxi.) THE POOR OF THIS WORLD RICH IN CHRIST.

[“And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.” Luke vi. 20.]

IN yon dark forest dwells an aged man,
Whose hoary beard descending sweeps his breast;
His numerous days “are dwindled to a span,”
He waits for his dismissal and his rest.
He hath no worldly wealth, no worldly fame,
But inward wealth and joys of soul are his;
For he doth love the Saviour’s blessed name,
And prayer and praising constitute his bliss.
In every evening star a God he sees,
In the wild mountain wind a God he hears,
And bending to the earth his aged knees,
He pours his prayer into Jehovah’s ears.
His soul ascending above earthly things,
Finds audience high in heaven, the glorious King of kings.

(XXII.) STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

[“But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.” Gal. vi. 14.]

Oh, who shall sing the joyful song at last ?
Oh, who shall raise in heaven the conqueror’s strain,
O’er foes subdued, and inward vices slain,
And seasons of temptation safely passed ?
'T is he, who counts all other things but dross,
When put into the scale with God’s dear Son ;
Who willingly the Christian race doth run,
And fights, and toils, and conquers, in the cross.
The cross imparts perennial peace within ;
The cross resists and scatters outward foes ;
'T is by the cross the saints their victories win,
And rise to glory, as their Saviour rose.
Then heed not earthly shame nor earthly loss,
But count it all for good, if thou may ’st bear the cross.

(XXIII.) VANITY OF LIFE.

[“As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.” Ps. ciii. 15, 16.]

AND they are gone, the friends that once I knew ;
I look in vain to find them ; low and still
They coldly lie, shut out from human view,
And from the joys which erst their breasts could fill.
No more for them the rosy morn shall gleam,
Nor wild-bird charm their ear at day’s sweet close ;
No more shall friendship soothe life’s fevered dream,
And love’s sweet voice allure them to repose.
But, oh, ’t is vain to murmur or bewail,
Dwells ought on earth, that long on earth shall be ?
The columns of the world itself shall fail,
Its gorgeousness shall fade, its pomp shall flee.
’T is a small thing to die, if we shall rise
In renovated bliss, unchanging in the skies.

(xxiv.) THE RULER OF THE NATIONS.

[“The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.” Is. xvii. 13.]

THERE is a God, whose searching eye doth look
Into the hearts of private men and kings;
Who turns the nations, as the running brook,
And mighty empires to subjection brings.
If nations to his will and ways are given,
He binds them fast to his eternal throne,
But scatters, as the chaff by winds is driven,
Such as forget his laws, and such alone.
See Rome, with flags unfurled and eagles spread!
'T was virtue made her powerful at first;
When virtue failed, and honor bowed its head,
An angry God did smite her to the dust,
Sheer from her seat of pride and empire hurled,
And made her thence the scorn and hissing of the world.

(xxv.) THE PLACE OF REFUGE.

[“A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.” Is. xxxii. 2.]

THE clouds are gathering in the distant sky;
I hear the fiercely muttering thunders roll;
Terrors invade my breast; my trembling soul
Looks forth around, but sees no refuge nigh.
Ah, whither shall I flee? What friendly hand
Shall guide me to some safe, select retreat,
Where, while the dark, perpetual tempests beat,
Unscathed, uninjured, I may safely stand?
He comes! He comes! I see the platted crown;
I see the bleeding feet, the wounded side.
Now let the bellowing storm rush fiercely down,
Thy smile shall comfort me, Thine arms shall hide.
With Thee, Thou dear Redeemer, are no fears;
Thou scatterest all my doubts, and wipest all my tears.

(xxvi.) GOD WORSHIPPED IN HIS WORKS.

[“The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.” Ps. xix. 1, 2, 3.]

MEN use a different speech in different climes,
But Nature hath one voice and only one.
Her wandering moon, her stars, her golden sun,
Her woods and waters, in all lands and times,
In one deep song proclaim the wondrous story.
They tell it to each other in the sky,
Upon the winds they send it sounding high,
Jehovah’s wisdom, goodness, power, and glory.
I hear it come from mountain, cliff, and tree,
Ten thousand voices in one voice united;
On every side the song encircles me,
The whole round world reveres and is delighted.
Ah! why, when heaven and earth lift up their voice,
Ah! why should man alone nor worship nor rejoice ?

(XXVII.) THE HIDDEN LIFE.

[“Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” Col. iii. 2, 3.]

My life is folded in the life of Jesus,
No longer mine, but purchased by that tide,
That crimson tide, which shed on Calvary, frees us
From those dark stains that in our hearts abide.
MY LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST, and I am His.
Whate'er his will, that am I bound to do;
If He doth call me to far lands and seas,
I hear his summons, and his steps pursue.
Where'er He goes, I cannot stay behind;
In what He does, my hand shall have employ;
Whene'er He suffers, sorrow fills my mind;
When He rejoices, I partake the joy.
He bought me by his blood, and I am his;
I have no other will, no other grief nor bliss.

(XXVIII.) HELP IN THE WILDERNESS.

[“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?” Cant. viii. 5.]

ALAS! We travel in the desert now,
Obscure our way, perplexed the paths we tread;
With thorns and briars the vales are overspread,
The mountains fright us with their angry brow.
But who is this that hears us in distress,
And when we fear we ne'er shall travel through,
Doth sudden burst upon our raptured view,
And goes before us in the wilderness?
The Saviour comes! We lean upon his arm,
And resting there, find strength amid our woe;
The tempests cease, that filled us with alarm,
And o'er the burning plains the fountains flow.
No more the storms assail, the thunders roll,
But angels' songs are heard, and pleasures fill the soul.

(XXIX.) TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

[“It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes.” Ps. cxviii. 8, 9]

IN man, estranged and weak, put not thy trust,
Who, like the “flower of grass,” doth pass away.
His friendships, like himself, shall soon decay,
His powers, his gifts, his promises are dust.
But there is one in whom thou canst repose
Unshaken confidence, who will impart
Security to every broken heart,
And give thee victory over all thy foes.
The love of Jesus Christ will never fail,
The love of thy Redeemer ne’er grow cold.
When friends are faint, and enemies wax bold,
Thou shalt arise, and in his strength prevail.
Gird on thine armor; strive in Jesus’ name;
In that and that alone thou’lt ne’er be put to shame.

(xxx.) SUPPORT IN AFFLICITION.

[“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.” Ps. xlvi. 1, 2.]

WHEN, Father, thou dost send the chastening rod,
Oh, what am I, that I should dare reply,
Thy love arraign, thy righteousness deny,
And set the creature in array with God ?
Far be it from my soul to question Thee,
For I am nought. Be this my only prayer,
That I may have due strength the rod to bear,
And bless the hand that doth environ me.
So that, what time the outward man doth perish,
Smitten with many stripes, inflicted deep,
The inward man renewed hopes may cherish,
And high above the storms in glory sweep.
We sink in the deep waters ; but thy hand
Shall hold us in the waves, and bring us safe to land.

(XXXI.) CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

[“Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.” Luke x. 36, 37.]

Who is my brother ? 'T is not merely he,
Who hung upon the same loved mother's breast ;
But every one, whoever he may be,
On whom the image of a man 's imprest.
True Christian sympathy was ne'er designed
To be shut up within a narrow bound ;
But sweeps abroad, and in its search to find
Objects of mercy, goes the whole world round.
'T is like the sun, rejoicing east and west,
Or beautiful rainbow, bright from south to north ;
It has an angel's pinion, mounting forth
O'er rocks, and hills, and seas, to make men blest.
No matter what their color, name, or place,
It blesses all alike, the universal race.

(XXXII.) THE BOOK OF JUDGMENT.

[“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.” Rev. xx. 12.]

WHERE is the JUDGMENT Book, which God doth keep ?
Where is the record he hath made of sin ?
So that at last it shall awake from sleep,
And legibly appear ? It is within.
The Judgment Book is every man’s own breast.
This is the tablet God hath graved upon ;
More lasting is the stamp that ’s there impressed,
Than if it were inscribed on wood or stone.
The wood may change to dust, the stone may break,
And what is written there at last decay ;
But the inscription, which the soul doth take,
Will never, through all ages, waste away.
Men may, on earth, turn from this book their sight,
But not, when made to gleam in the great Judgment light.

(XXXIII.) THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS IN THE SOUL.

[“Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life.” Prov. iv. 23.]

THE soul hath power, through God’s mysterious plan,
To mould anew and to assimilate
The outward incidents that wait on man,
And make them like his hidden, inward state.
If there’s a storm within, then all things round
The inward storm to clouds and darkness changes;
But inward light makes outward light abound,
And o’er external things in beauty ranges.
If but the soul be right, submissive, pure,
It stamps whate’er takes place with peace and bliss;
If fierce, revengeful, and unjust, ’t is sure
From outward things to draw unhappiness.
Then watch, and chiefly watch, the inward part,
For all is right and well, if there’s a holy heart.

(XXXIV.) DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

[“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.”
Rev. xxi. 4.]

LIKE the fair flower, that’s cropped in early spring,
Hushed is thy heart, and dimmed thy beauty’s bloom ;
But memory still around thy dust shall cling,
Affection haunt thee e’en beyond the tomb.
Though clothed in light, and risen to joys divine,
Lost to the world and all its empty charms,
Once more our tears would freely flow with thine,
Once more we’d clasp thee fondly to our arms.
But, oh, forbear, the cherished thought forego,
And hush to peace the heart’s tumultuous strife,
Since at her feet the sacred waters flow,
And waving o’er her blooms the tree of life.
If this sad parting fills our hearts with pain,
To HER ’t is peace, and triumph, and immortal gain.

(xxxv.) LIVING NEAR TO CHRIST.

[“For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.” Philip. iii. 20.]

WHEN the bright sun is nearest to the earth,
In vernal months and days of summer bloom,
The buds and flowers and bending fruits have birth,
Instinct with life and beauty and perfume.
And so the man, who near the Saviour lives,
Finds his heart kindling 'neath that radiant face ;
The cheering light and heat the Saviour gives,
And renovates and blesses with his grace.
But if the Christian keeps himself away,
And follows Christ, as Peter did, far off,*
But seldom meditates, nor loves to pray,
Or meets, on doubtful ground, with those who scoff,
His heart grows cold, no genial ray shall bless,
'T will be Siberian waste, mere ice and barrenness.

* At the time of his denying the Saviour. See Matt. xxvi. 58.

(xxxvi.) MEDITATING ON CHRIST.

[“My heart was hot within me ; while I was musing, the fire burned : then spake I with my tongue.” Ps. xxxix. 3.]

THY heart is sad ; and deeply thou complainest
That dull and wandering thy affections prove,
That lingering far, so often thou remainest
Apart from Him, who claims thy highest love.
Oh, meditate Him more, and the world less,
At morn and pensive eve give Him thy thought,
Recall, how He hath saved thee, and doth bless
With that redemption, which his life-blood bought.
Yes ! Deeply think, till thou hast deeply felt ;
When thought is busy, love is busy too ;
Oh, think, until thy stony heart doth melt,
Of all thy Saviour did, and yet will do ;
How he hath condescended, suffered, died,
And even now doth clasp thee to his bleeding side.

(XXXVII.) THE GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

[“But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.” Heb. xi. 16.]

WHEN on some voyage of trade in distant seas,
The gallant ship has ploughed for many years,
At last, with sails rejoicing in the breeze,
Her own, her lovely native coast she nears;
The hardy sailors look from deck and mast,
Their fathers' hills and hamlets to descry;
As one by one they point them out, full fast
Unwonted tears of gladness fill the eye;
They shout with joy; 't is their own native land;
Where brothers, sisters, fathers, grandsires dwell.
So, when the Christian on life's bounds doth stand,
On heaven's bright hills his eyes with fervor dwell,
His blessed Father's home is in his sight,
He shouts aloud with joy, unspeakable delight.

(XXXVIII.) THE LAST TRUMP.

[“In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.”
1 Cor. xv. 52.]

WHEN the last trump shall sound, all earth shall hear,
The sea’s wide tumbling waves be fixed with dread,
The startled mountains turn their iron ear,
The hills shall flee away, and hide their head.
Leviathan shall plunge into his cave,
His deepest cave ; the lion to his den ;
In the black clouds the birds their wings shall wave,
And screaming loud, respond the cries of men ;
And men, poured forth from cot and splendid hall,
Shall mingle with the cattle in the fields,
While, lost and breaking at the trumpet’s call,
The rending ground beneath their footstep yields.
When all is changing, all in horror mixed,
The Christian’s soul remains believing, calm, and fixed.

(XXXIX.) THE RESURRECTION.

[“It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.” 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43.]

SOMETIMES my heart, too prone to doubt, will say,
How can the cold and sleeping dead revive?
Impossible, that mouldering dust and clay
Should ever with an angel’s beauty live!
But look thou forth o’er all the fragrant earth,
With leaf and bud, with fruit and flowret strown;
It is but yesterday they all had birth,
From dust produced, from foul corruption grown.
And cannot God, who bids the grass to rise,
Who gives the leaf its shape, the flower its hue,
Man’s fallen clay to quickened life surprise,
And give to that its share of beauty too!
Oh, then, thy fears dispel, thy doubts repress,
Nor think it hard for God to raise, adorn, and bless.

(XL.) THE TRUE GROUND OF JOY.

[“Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.” Luke x. 20.]

REJOICE not in thy wealth of house and fields,
Nor build your hopes and bliss on earthly fame ;
Earth but a momentary glory yields,
Its brightest joys are as an empty name.
Oh, fix no fondness there ; 't will prove a thorn ;
Many, that deeply loved, have deeply rued
Attachments so unworthy ; and they warn
Others from treading where their feet have stood.
The Saviour teaches a far wiser course,
To deem it glory, not that we possess
Mere wealth or power, or learning's proud resource,
Which mock us with the show of happiness ;
But that we have, in that dread Book on high,
Our names inscribed of God, in words that never die.

(XLI.) THE PRIDE OF MAN CONFOUNDED.

[“And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.” Matt. xxii. 12.]

MEN reason oft in speech magnificent
Of freedom, fate, fore-knowledge, rectitude ;
Puffed up with pride, their rebel breath is spent
In proving God unjust, their own ways good.
With microscopic eye His works they scan,
And countless ills detect which *they* could mend ;
(As if mere dust could frame a better plan,)
And thus in Atheist madness live and end.
But in the last great day, when Christ shall come,
Girt round with angel bands and sainted men,
And reckon up of words and deeds the sum,
Of evil deeds, and thoughts, and speech, where then
Will be their haughty look, their captious word ?
O'erwhelmed and dumb they stand ; and nought but grief
is heard.

(XLII.) THE PHYSICIAN OF THE MIND.

[“And Jesus answering, said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician ; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” Luke v. 31.]

HE makes the deaf to hear, the blind to see,
Restores the faint, and doth the bleeding bind,
But shows himself more strong in charity,
In healing the diseases of the mind.
Thou sick and bowed of soul, to Jesus go !
Tell him how weak and how diseased the heart,
And learn how he compassionates your woe,
And plucks the spirit’s, as the body’s smart.
He quells the fears that throng thee and annoy,
With brighter views the intellect doth fill,
Gives strength to hope, and permanence to joy,
And aids with power divine the doubting will.
Others may heal the body ; Christ makes whole,
(And only He hath power,) the crushed and fallen soul.

(XLIII.) SORROW FOR SIN.

[“I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.” Luke xv. 18, 19.]

IN dust and ashes let me humbled lie,
For I have sinned against my God and friend ;
Nor ever upward lift my troubled eye,
But only tears let fall and groanings send.
And wilt Thou hear, who, merciful as just,
Dost pity on the bleeding bosom take ?
Yes, Thou wilt mark the suppliant in the dust,
The bowed and bruised reed Thou wilt not break !
Here is my hope, and it is only here ;
For I have sinned—how much God only knows ;
Thy law have broken, put away thy fear,
And caused the sneer and scoffings of thy foes.
Low in the dust my worthless head I lay,
Till God shall hear my prayer, and take my guilt away.

(XLIV.) CHRIST'S YOKE EASY.

[“Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me : for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” Matt. xi. 28, 29.]

WHERE love is strong, 't is easy to obey ;
'T is thus the grateful and devoted child,
Who tends his aged parents night and day,
Finds all his labors by his heart beguiled.
The light of love can make deep darkness bright,
And change a bed of thorns to beds of roses ;
'T is love, celestial love, that makes so light
The yoke, which Jesus on his friends imposes.
Prompted by this, with ready will and hand,
They follow in the path, which He hath trod ;
Revere alike his life and his command,
And bow with gratitude beneath his rod.
Nothing is grievous which he bids to do ;
Where love inspires the heart, life, hope, and strength are
new.

(XLV.) LOVE OF THE WORLD.

[“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Matt. xvi. 26.]

WHY should we love the world? Why thus bestow
Affections on its perishable toys,
And while we seek for pleasures mean and low,
Deprive our souls of high and holy joys?
Is not God jealous? Will he let us cling
So fondly to the things below the skies,
And nought but cold and heartless offerings bring
To the All-good, All-perfect, and All-wise?
Oh, break the tie, that doth so closely bind
The groveling thought and vain desires to earth;
And let the rapt, emancipated mind
Soar to the better region of its birth,
And feed on angel’s food. Let God supply,
And his divine perfections, joys that never die.

(XLVI.) I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM.

[“Why art thou cast down, Oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me! Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.” Ps. xlii. 11.]

AT that dim hour, when ploughmen first arise,
Roused from their homely couch and deep repose,
When stars still linger in the changing skies,
And in the East the dawning feebly glows,
'T is doubtful long, which of the two bears sway,
The nascent day or unextinguished night,
Till ruddy morn, at length, with bright array,
Proclaims the triumph of victorious Light.
So when there breaks upou the heart's domain
The Light Divine, which mars the shades within,
Oh, who can tell which of the two shall reign,
The recent purity or ancient sin?
And yet the inward Light, like outward day,
Shall shine, revealed at last, with a triumphant ray.

(XLVII.) A DIVIDED MIND.

[“ For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye ; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.” Mat. vi. 21, 22, 23.]

Oh, that I had not this divided heart,
A mind, self-sundered, and at war within ;
Which gives, or seems to give, to heaven a part,
But gives, alas, a greater part to sin.
Sometimes I think the victory to gain,
And plant my standard on the heavenly height ;
But suddenly imperious passions reign,
And put my faithfulness and hopes to flight.
My conscience prompts me to the better way,
The Holy Spirit makes it still more clear,
But foul temptation leads my steps astray,
And Heaven is lost, because the World is dear.
'T is He in triumph and in peace shall run,
The Christian's trying race, whose heart, whose soul, is one.

(XLVIII.) SUBMISSION IN SICKNESS.

[“It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” Lam. iii. 26. “Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.” James v. 11.]

God gives to each his task ; but what is mine ?
What work doth he require of one like me ?
Who, grieving, on the couch of sickness pine,
And know no hours but those of misery.
By others I am tended. Would I go
To feed the poor, or unto heathen lands,
Here am I fastened on this bed of woe,
With feet that walk not, and with moveless hands.
'T was thus I cherished wicked discontent,
And inly blamed Jehovah's righteous ways,
When suddenly a voice, in mercy sent,
Reproves my striving heart, and gently says :
If thou indeed for nothing else art fit,
This work at least is thine, *in patience to submit.*

(XLIX.) LIGHT IN GOSHEN.

[“And Moses stretched forth his hand towards heaven ; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt, three days. They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days ; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.” Exodus. x. 22, 23.]

In ancient times, when God in anger came,
And troubled Egypt with his mighty hand,
The rayless sun withdrew his midday flame,
And clouds and darkness filled the sightless land.
But there was light in Goshen. On it lay,
On pleasant hill and vale, and flower and tree,
The moon’s resplendent beam, the sunlight’s ray,
The free stars, singing in their liberty.
Thus is it now. God’s people walk in light,
With changeless day to cheer them and to guide ;
But o’er the godless throng reigns Egypt’s night,
The sun and moon and stars their radiance hide.
'T is God, whose glorious light is never dim,
Illuminates the host, that faithful follow him.

(L.) THE VOYAGE.

[“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ;
and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.” Isa. xliii. 2.]

FAIR stream, embosomed in yon pleasant vale,
That in thy quiet beauty sweep’st along !
How oft I skimmed thee with my slender sail,
How oft I poured upon thy banks my song !
'T was then I marked the autumn’s blushing leaves
Sink, wafted slowly in the quiet air ;
Thy silver wave the roseate gift receives,
And hasten its treasure to the deep to bear.
So man shall pass, borne on the stream of time,
A moment seen, and seen, alas, no more.
Dark is the wave ; and distant is the clime ;
But lift, *in strength divine*, the struggling oar ;
And then, thou wanderer of life’s troubled sea,
Nor angry storm, nor rocks, nor wave, shall injure Thee.

(LI.) THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

[“So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.”
1 Cor. xv. 42, 43.]

WHERE, near yon river’s brink, the willows wave,
And summer’s flowers to golden life have sprung;
Is dimly seen the village maiden’s grave,
Forever gone, the beautiful and young.
The boatman turns to that sad spot his eye,
When o’er the wave his lingering sail is spread,
And see, when sunset gilds the pictured sky,
Her sister maids draw near with silent tread.
Alas, how oft the gems of earth grow pale,
And stars, that blessed us, dim their rising ray!
But not in vain their beauty do they veil,
And see their earthly glory pass away.
For beauty here, they snatch immortal bloom,
And light, eternal light, doth blossom on the tomb.

(LII.) THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

[“These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” Heb. xi. 13.]

FAREWELL, my native country ! Thy bright star,
Thy sky, green woods, clear waters, no more greet
Mine eye delighted. But with pilgrim feet,
In waste and horrid lands, I wander far.
I wander far, unknown, but not dismayed ;
I leave my native country ; but my soul,
Unmoved, unshaken, in its purpose whole,
On higher power, than aught of earth, is stayed.
My God shall be my country ! I will call,
And he will hear me in the desert place.
When troubles come, before his feet I fall,
And then he sheds the sunshine of his grace.
On Afric’s arid sands, on Asia’s plain,
On Greenland’s ice-bound coast, no prayer to Him is vain.

(LIII.) DESPISE NOT THE BEGINNINGS.

[“The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree.” Matt. xiii. 31, 32.]

SEE, how beyond the hills, the morning bright
Doth write its coming with a single ray;
But gleam is joined to gleam, and light to light,
Till feeblest dawn expands to perfect day.
Despise not the beginnings. When the heart
Receives, however small, the primal beam,
Which God doth to the new-born soul impart,
Revere and cherish its incipient gleam.
Though the first ray from Heaven’s eternal throne,
The frail young shoot from Glory’s morning star,
Yet fostered well, it dwelleth not alone,
But grows in its own light, and shineth far,
And bindeth ray with ray, till what was one,
Compacted of itself, expands a new-born sun.

(LIV.) UNCERTAINTY OF EARTHLY OBJECTS.

[“As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.” Ps. ciii. 15, 16.]

As fall the trees upon the mountain’s side,
As shoot the stars upon a cloudless night,
So pass the hopes, that foster human pride,
With meteor glance, with dim disastrous flight.
How frail the fairest shoots of earthly love !
The death of fathers, children, brothers, friends,
While it afflicts, doth oft and deeply prove
The vanity of earthly joys and ends.
We lean upon a prop, that hath no strength ;
We rest upon an arm, that hath no power ;
We trust it long and fondly ; but at length,
It falls and blasts us in the evil hour.
But time, nor tide, nor earth, nor hell, can harm
Him that doth firmly rest on God’s eternal arm.

(LV.) GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

[“My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, with respect of persons.” “Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom, which he hath promised to them that love him ?” James ii. 1, 5.]

BEHOLD yon poor old man, that plods along,
Sadly and slowly in the crowded street.
How beggarly ! Of those whom he doth meet,
Scarce one doth note him in that countless throng.
The very winds make sport of him, and rend
His tattered garments rude. Yet do not deem,
That he is all so lost, as he doth seem.
Though all desert him else, he hath one friend.
There is a God, who hath an equal eye,
Who marks the high, nor spurns the lowly one ;
The wretched, whom the world pass scornfully,
May be the blood-bought purchase of his Son.
He deeper looks than the outside of things ;
The beggar’s soul to Him is as the soul of kings.

(LVI.) THE FOUNTAIN OF JERUSALEM.

[“In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.” Zech. xiii. 1. “Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.” Ps. li. 2.]

PURE are thy waves, Abana, as they rove
Through Syria’s blooming plains; and Parphar too
Reflects from his bright breast the vernal hue
Of citron bud, and pendent orange grove.
And Jordan’s stream, less bright, had yet the power
To wash away the leprosy’s foul stain.
But when the soul is sick, to cleanse again,
And make it pure, as in its primal hour,
What earthly wave hath virtue? What bright stream
Can wash it from its blackness, and the tint,
Long-lost, of angel purity imprint,
To light and life and happiness redeem?
One fount alone can do it. There’s salvation
In Jesus’ blood alone, for man, and tribe, and nation.

(LVII.) PARENTAL BEREAVEMENT.

[“Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time ; casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.” 1 Peter, v. 6, 7.]

I 'VE lost my loved, my cherished little one,
Who smiling, prattling, clasped her Father's knee.
Alas ! Her transient hour of life is run,
And her sweet tone and smile are nought to me.
The grave hath claimed her. Oft I seem to hear
Her blessed voice charming the vacant air.
I listen ; but my own fond fancy's ear
Frames the sweet sound. My loved one is not there.
Onward, to where yon green tree waves its shade,
I look, when summer's sultry sun is high ;
There, in her days of life and health, she played ;
In vain I thither turn my weeping eye.
God in his mercy took her ; and 't is mine
To feel his ways are right, nor let my heart repine.

(LVIII.) I WOULD NOT ALWAYS LIVE.

[“So that my soul chooseth strangling ; and death rather than my life. I loath it ; I would not live always ; let me alone ; for my days are vanity. What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him, and that thou shouldest set thy heart upon him?” Job vii. 15, 17.]

I WOULD NOT ALWAYS LIVE. There 's something here,
In this lone world of sorrow and of sin ;
To which the purer heart, to virtue dear,
Finds no response, no sympathy within.
As when the rising sun dispels the cloud,
And spreads its glory o'er the dazzled sky,
So shall the mind cast off its moral shroud,
And bask in brightness, when it mounts on high.
That is its home ; its high congenial place ;
'Tis there, that, fitted with unearthly wings,
The spirit, running its eternal race,
And mounting ever up, triumphant sings.
I would not always live. Hail glorious day,
Which gives us heavenly life, and takes our house of clay.

(LIX.) MYSTERY OF THE NEW BIRTH.

[“Marvel not, that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. The wind bloweth, where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell, whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one, that is born of the Spirit.” John iii. 7, 8.]

I HEAR the mountain wind, but see it not ;
Its mournful sigh startles my mind’s repose ;
I listen ; but it passes quick as thought ;
I know not whence it comes, nor where it goes.
'T is thus with those, who of the Spirit are born,
A change comes o'er them ; *how* they cannot say.
They wake, as from the darkness wakes the morn,
And mental night is changed to mental day.
'T is God’s mysterious work. 'T is He can find,
Deep searching, and 't is He can touch
The deep and hidden spring that rules the mind,
And change its tendencies, and make it such,
Redeemed, restored, as it was not before.
We know that 't is God’s work ; but we can know no more.

(LX.) LIGHT.

[“Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.” Ps. xcvi. 2. “That ye should show forth the praises of Him, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.” 1 Peter ii. 9.]

THE sower sows his seed for the upright.
In good and consecrated soil 't is laid ;
He plants the sunbeam, sows celestial light,
That, rising, scatters far all gloom, all shade.
See, how it comes over the distant mountains,
Gilding the East, rejoicing in the West ;
Not separate streams, but gushing forth in fountains,
Shedding its rays around the ransomed breast.
Lift up thine eye ; the sons of God behold ;
No clouds are near them ; but on every side
Flow rivers, as it were, instinct with gold,
Mingling and crossing in one endless tide.
Visions of glory fill their raptured sight ;
Their element, their home, is light, celestial light.

(LXI.) CONSTANCY.

[“Stand, therefore, with your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness.” Ephes. vi. 14.]

BOUGHT by Christ’s blood, and to the purchase true,
The Christian runs with cheerfulness the race,
Which God in wisdom hath seen fit to trace,
Nor turns some other object to pursue,
Nor slacks his steadfast course. Sometimes he sees
Fires in his path, or hears the serpent’s breath,
Or raging men with implements of death,
But still goes on ; nor like the coward flees.
The road is strait and narrow ; if he turns,
Ruin awaits him ; if he onward goes,
With face erect and heart with love that burns,
However great the obstacles, he knows,
That God, who hath all power, all things can do,
Will guard him in his straits, and bear him glorious through.

(LXII.) POWER OF FAITH.

[“Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.” Heb. xi. 33, 34.]

I SAT me down in earth’s benighted vale,
And had no courage and no strength to rise ;
Sad to the passing breeze I told my tale,
And bowed my head, and drained my weeping eyes.
But Faith came by, and took me by the hand ;
And now the vallies rise, the mountains fall.
Welcome the stormy sea, the dangerous land !
With Faith to aid me, I can conquer all.
Faith lays her hand upon the lion’s mane ;
Faith fearless walks within the serpent’s den ;
Faith smiles amid her children round her slain ;
When worlds are burning, cries unmoved, **AMEN.**
Yes, I am up, far upward on the wing ;
The withered arm is strong, the broken heart doth sing.

(LXIII.) THE WRECK.

[“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.” Matt. xxv. 46.]

I SAW a wreck upon the ocean flood.
How sad and desolate! No man was there;
No living thing was on it. There it stood;
Its sails all gone; its masts were standing bare;
Tossed in the wide, the boundless, howling sea.
The very sea-birds screamed, and passed it by.
And as I looked, the ocean seemed to be
A sign and figure of Eternity.
The wreck an emblem seemed of those, that sail
Without the pilot Jesus, on its tide.
Thus thought I, when the final storms prevail,
Shall rope, and sail, and mast be scattered wide;
And they, with helm and anchor lost, be driven,
In endless exile sad, far from the port of Heaven.

(LXIV.) RELIGIOUS RECOLLECTIONS.

[“I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways. I will delight myself in thy statutes. I will not forget thy word.” Ps. cxix. 15, 16.]

I HAD sweet thoughts of Christ beneath yon tree ;
Beside that chrystral brook I talked with God ;
As o'er yon mountain's craggy height I trod,
The echoes from the valley seemed to be,
And the delighted songs of the sweet birds,
All blessing their Creator. Winds and waterfall
Spoke forth their eloquent praise, as well as all
The companies of lambs and lowing herds.
Sweet is the memory of those blessed days !
Oh, that my life with such were sprinkled o'er ;
And thus their recollection should restore,
In my own bosom, love, and hope, and praise.
Happy the soul, that from the past can borrow
A foretaste of the land, the land that knows no sorrow.

(LXV.) DEPRAVITY OF THE HEART.

[“And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.” Gen. vi. 5. “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?” Jer. xvii. 9.]

HOLD to thy heart the mirror of God’s law,
And with its aid examine what’s within.
Look deeply down, yet deeper; and with awe
And terror thou shalt see the depths of sin.
Yes, ’t is a great, unfathomable deep,
An ocean without soundings, without shore.
When the dark waves pass off, still darker sweep,
And take the place of those that went before.
Blackness succeeding blackness; each abyss
Opening to others; till the straining eye
Is lost in fathomless deformity,
And the ear stunned with roaring; for it is
A sea that hath a voice; yes, voice is there;
Wailing and mournful cry, revenge and deep despair.

(LXVI.) PROTECTION IN DANGER.

[“Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy wind, fulfilling his word.” Ps. cxlviii. 8. “What manner of man is this! For he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him.” Luke viii. 25.]

I HEAR the moaning of the wintry wind,
That sweeps across the dreary waste of snow;
It moves my soul like human voice unkind,
Or wailings from some darkened house of woe.
But I bethink me. In that sullen sound,
There is a voice, which better import brings.
The wind, as well as ocean, knows its bound,
And hath its mandate from the King of kings.
He rules the storm, e'en in its wildest mood,
And binds its strength, and tempers well its shock,
When rushing from the hills with onset rude,
It threatens wide the forest and the flock.
'T is thus he folds his people in his arm,
Wipes every falling tear, and hushes each alarm.

(LXVII.) HUMILITY.

[“Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.” Matt. v. 3, 5.]

THE noisy brook, that from yon mountain flows,
Dashing o'er cliffs like bird upon the wing,
How useless! Not a bud or floweret grows
On its rude banks, nor aught of living thing.
But look to yon bright meadow. Scarcely seen
The silent streamlet winds its gentle way,
Enriching as it goes; its banks are green;
Birds sing there; and the flowers their charms display.
And so with Christians. Such as shall be found
Possessors of a meek and quiet heart,
From their own pure and inward fount impart
Riches to others, blessing all around.
The world scarce notes them as they gently go,
But bud, and flower, and fruit their pathway brightly show.

(LXVIII.) THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

[“ Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward ; for ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.” Heb. x. 36, 36.]

THERE is a flower, that with the sun doth turn,
Watching from morn to eve with faithful eye
The mighty orb, as it doth constant run
Its course of glory o'er the beaming sky.
And when the sun at times conceals his face,
And round his path a night of clouds doth pour,
Not less that flower his cloudy track will trace,
And turn, and look, and worship as before.
Thus doth the Christian to his Father look,
Still upward, from the morn till eventide ;
And yet he doth not deem himself forsook,
When shades and clouds the heavenly vision hide.
Patient he looks, until the light divine,
Upon his heart once more, his constant heart shall shine.

(LXIX.) I WILL NOT BLAME THY TEARS.

[“He, that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” Ps. cxxvi. 6.]

I WILL not blame thy tears! Go forth and weep,
Poor child of sorrow! Suddenly the blow
Hath pierced the fountain, with infliction deep,
Whence, in the heart, the bitter waters flow.
I will not blame thee! God himself approves
The tears, which from his wounded people steal.
Not seldom he afflicts whom most he loves;
He made the heart, and fashioned it to feel.
But in thy sorrow, think, oh, think of this,
That, though thou weepes, thou may’st not complain.
Each stern, impatient throb at once dismiss,
Nor let a thought God’s providence arraign.
Yes, shed thy tears, but shed them patiently,
And thou, in season due, shalt God’s salvation see.

(LXX.) VANITY OF FAME.

[“How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another and seek not the honor that cometh from God ? John v. 41.]

THEY call thee Son of Genius ! And 't is true,
Thou hast a mind, that can sublimely soar.
Thought calls to thought within thee. In thy view
New mountains rise and unknown oceans roar.
And men behold the marvels thou hast wrought,
Expanding fair in Fancy's wondering eye ;
And as they mark them, tax their grateful thought
To furnish forth their meed of homage high.
But this shall not avail thee in that hour,
When earthly hope and heart shall pass away,
Thou then shalt seek an arm of mightier power,
On which thy sick and wearied head to lay.
No pomp, no power, no vain applause of men,
Nought but a Saviour's help, avails to cheer thee then.

(LXXI.) HE LOVETH WHOM HE CHASTENETH.

[” For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son, whom he receiveth.” Heb. xii. 6.]

THIS is a cup of sorrow. Like the deer,
Struck by the archers on the mountain’s side,
And followed far by hunting hound and spear,
Thus am I close pursued. Both deep and wide
The waters of affliction o’er me sweep.
But there’s a meaning in it. God doth know,
If we would smile, that we must also weep,
And joys at last from stricken bosoms flow.
He would not have me linked unto the world ;
He’s jealous, when he sees me go astray ;
For this the arrow from his arm is hurled ;
Yes, grief shall teach me, there’s a better way.
Oh, let me not repine, but kiss the rod,
Which doth my errors smite, and calls me back to God.

(LXXII.) PERSECUTION.

[“Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you ; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name’s sake.” “But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”
Mat. xxiv. 9, 13.]

AT that dread time, to woes and blood allied,
When Satan’s angry hosts are gathering round ;
Oh, who the trying hour will firm abide,
Nor flee, when persecution stands unbound ?
Oh, who, esteeming joy and life but dross,
Will freely barter bliss for agony,
And to his bosom binding firm the Cross,
Demand in chains and fire the victory ?
Sons of the Kingdom ! Deem it good to die,
When Jesus calls you to that final pain.
Behold ! His angel bands are hovering nigh,
To quench the faggot, and to rend the chain.
The body falls ; the deathless mind shall rise,
Rejoiced and purer from the sacrifice.

(LXXIII.) THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

“I am the good shepherd, I know my sheep and am known of mine.” John x. 14.]

WHEN o'er the mountains blue the clouds arise,
Charged thick with lightning, and with hail and rain,
The Shepherd, with his flocks upon the plain,
Looks upward, and observes the threatening skies,
And hastes and calls his lambs. He sees them roam,
Some on the cliffs, some by the gentle brook,
Unconscious of their danger. With his crook
And chiding voice, he brings them safely home,
And pens them in the fold. Our Saviour too
Is keeper of a flock, a precious flock,
Purchased by his own blood. To pastures new
He leads them; and beneath the shadowy rock
Protects them from the sun. When beat the storms,
He fold them in his arms, and “in his bosom warms.”

(LXXIV.) THE CHURCH.

[“Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.” Ps. 1. 3. “But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people.” 1 Peter, ii. 9.]

WHATE’ER in earth the ravished eye beholds,
Whate’er of beauty in the burnished sky,
It all the great Creator’s power unfolds,
His truth, his wisdom, his benignity.
There stand they, stamped by an immortal hand,
In characters, as bright as yonder sun ;
Revealed and known and read by every land,
Long as that burning orb its course shall run.
But more his beauty from his Zion shines ;
Far more his glory from his Church is known ;
Inscribed on holy hearts, in brighter lines ;
With brighter beams, in holy actions shown.
Ye are his Temple ; built and bought for Him ;
Oh, then, let not its light, its holy light grow dim.

(LXXV.) THE RETURNING DOVE.

[“But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot ; and she returned unto him in the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth.” Gen. viii. 9.]

WHEN Noah’s Dove flew o’er the waters wide,
(Dark were those watery fields and stormy then,)
Boldly and far her daring flight she tried,
But found no rest, and wearied came again.
Christ is to us an Ark, a sheltering home,
A place of refuge in the hour of harm,
And yet too oft, with erring wing we roam,
And seek some other place of rest and calm.
But all in vain ; no home of peace we find ;
No arm of help, no shelter in the gale ;
High beats the wave, and hostile is the wind,
And all around a thousand fears assail.
Return, oh, wandering one, thy steps retrace ;
Return, and find again, thy blessed resting-place.

(LXXIV.) THE MARTYRS.

[“But none of these things move me ; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.” Acts xx. 24.]

FAREWELL, thou pleasant earth and beaming sky !
Farewell, ye friends, our homes and hearts that blest !
Now is the time to suffer and to die,
And pluck from torture everlasting rest.
Welcome, the persecutor’s scoff and spear !
Welcome, thrice welcome, agony and flame !
There’s that within us, which shall conquer fear,
And gain the triumph in the Saviour’s name.
Our Father gives ; and shall we spurn the cup ?
Then let the fiery billows round us roll ;
'T is well ; if, while they burn the body up,
They touch not, harm not the immortal soul.
Earth claims its own, when “dust to dust is given ;”
But claims not, holds not, what was meant for Heaven.

(LXXVII.) HEAVEN.

[“To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.” 1 Peter i. 4.]

Too long to higher good and beauty blind,
I plucked the flowers, upon my path that grew :
Till, wounded by the thorns, my tortured mind
Resolves a better country to pursue.
Land of the Pilgrim’s hope and fond desire !
The land, where wearied hearts at last may flee !
To thee at length my quickened thoughts aspire ;
Mine eye is turned ; my wings are plumed for thee.
And thus I bid, without a tear, farewell
To all that charmed my sublunary sense ;
Enough for me, if I may rise and dwell,
Where joy shall make no work for penitence.
Oh, land, where wearied hearts at length may flee !
Mine eye is turned ; my wings are plumed for thee.

(LXXVIII.) CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

[“If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.” John ii. 1.]

OH, would we enter to the inward light,
And with the everlasting glory dwell ;
As doth the eagle, in his steadfast flight,
Strike upward to the sun’s bright citadel ;
Oh, would we, ceasing here on earth to roam,
Nor seeking more its transitory flowers,
Build in the central blaze another home,
And thus forever make that glory ours ;
Then upward look to the Eternal Throne ;
Behold the mighty Intercessor there ;
He hath the key, that makes it all our own,
(Unlocking all,) the golden key of Prayer.
In any other way thou shalt not win ;
’T is Christ, and Christ alone, that lets his people in.

(LXXIX.) REJOICING IN GOD.

[“The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.” Ps. xviii. 2.]

THE bird not always mounteth on the wing,
Nor doth he always his sweet music pour ;
But as he silent on the branch doth swing,
He ever ready is to sing or soar.

The music, heard not, lingers on his tongue ;
His flight is poising, ere it upward rise ;
Thus shall his sudden harp of joy be strung,
And thou shalt see him mounting in the skies.

Oh, Christian, be it ever thus with thee,
When sitting here, thou with the earth dost blend ;
Still as we mark thee, let us always see,
Thou hast a wing just poising to ascend,
And that the song, which hath no outward voice,
Still, in the inward soul, fails never to rejoice.

(LXXX.) SECRET PRAYER.

[“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.” Matt. vi. 6.]

MEN need a friend, into whose faithful breast
Their sins and sorrows they can freely pour;
And filled with hope, can from his love implore
Support and pardon, purity and rest.
No earthly friend can meet this high demand;
But God can do it. In the secret place
Implore his guidance and forgiving grace,
And thou shalt know his kind and aiding hand.
He hears in secret. And thrice blest are they,
Who, all apart from men, their homage bring;
Seeking in deepest solitude, to pay,
Pure from the heart, their humble offering.
In that blest hour, more than in any other,
God meets us face to face, as brother meets with brother.

(LXXXI.) SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

[“Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” John viii. 31, 32.]

So prompt are men their earthly chains to break,
That countless toils they cheerfully endure,
And pour their choicest blood for freedom’s sake,
Their sufferings to avenge, their rights secure.
But there’s a greater bondage; there’s a chain,
Which deeper goes, and wastes with keener smart.
It profits little, that we rend in twain
The outward links, but wear them on the heart.
Awake! arise! once more the effort make
To gain the higher freedom. Christ can heal
The wounds of sin’s dread slavery, and can break
The chains which Satan binds. To Him appeal!
Lean on his arm, and it will all be well.
He conquers every foe, sin, sorrow, death and hell.

(LXXXII.) UNION WITH CHRIST.

[“Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches.” John xv. 4, 5.]

THEY love their blessed Leader. Not more close
The branches cling unto the parent tree,
Than are his followers bound to Christ. They loose,
Like him, their hold on earthly things. They free
Their hearts from the strong bonds of selfishness,
And yield for general good their private weal.
Where'er is want, despondency, distress,
They have the hand to toil, the heart to feel.
'T is thus the Saviour taught them. They are one
With Him, and in their souls his image bear,
Rejoicing in the likeness. As the sun
Doth spread his radiance through the fields of air,
And kindle in revolving stars his blaze,
He pours upon their hearts the splendor of his rays.

(LXXXIII.) ETERNITY.

[“And sware by him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer.” Rev. x. 6.]

AND what is human life? The transient beam,
That fades at sunset from the western sky,
Is not more evanescent. Yet we deem
The present all in all; and shut our eye
To the vast boundless sea of future being.
Strange madness this! Oh, let us rather look,
With face averse from things not worth our seeing,
Into Eternity’s unchanging book.
There is vast meaning in that single sound!
Created minds fail in its measurement.
Eternity! It hath no height, no bound,
And yet beyond all height, depth, bound, extent!
Time fails; worlds perish; that alone rolls on,
Untired, unchanged, unchanging, when all else is gone.

(LXXXIV.) WINTER.

[“He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold.” Ps. cxlvii. 16, 17.]

God sends his frost like ashes. With quick pace
The stealthy sun hastes o'er the hills. The wind,
That sweeps their beaten sides, doth chase
The desolate leaves. The ice the lake doth bind,
And the soft earth is hardened into rock,
That shakes and echoes 'neath the shepherd's tread,
Who fastens from the cold his shivering flock.
E'en the gay flowers, the laughing flowers, are dead.
God sees it fit to be so. Thus he teaches
A lesson, which his creature man should learn,
(Alas, too seldom human hearts it reaches,)
That all things fade, and all to dust shall turn.
Yes, man shall have his winter, and his year
Of life wax old and die; his leaf and bloom be sear.

(LXXXV.) THE LAST SLEEP.

[“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.” Eccl. ix. 10.]

As some lone sea-bird, marked for cruel slaughter,
When by the fowler wounded, screaming goes,
Down, deeply down, through the dark waste of water,
And in the mud and reeds its eye doth close ;
So from the wave of life man sinks ; and o'er him
The billows meet, and shut his dying cry
Deep in the grave. And nothing shall restore him
To those bright scenes, that cheered his living eye.
Deep in the grave he sleeps. A long, deep sleep,
Unmoved by toil, or care, or hope, or sorrow,
Or lamentable cry of friends who weep.
It heeds nor closing night nor rising morrow,
Nor storm nor thunder. Nought on earth can wake it,
Nought but God's thrilling trump, the last great trump,
can break it.

(LXXXVI.) GOD SEEN BY THE MIND.

[“And he said, Thou canst not see my face : for there shall no man see me, and live.” Ex. xxxiii. 20.]

CANST tell me, what is God ? And can thine eye,
As swift and wide it goes o'er things that are,
Detect his outline, form, locality,
And make me know, who, what he is, and where ?
He is not in the cloud, nor storm, nor sea,
Nor nimble lightning, nor the earthquake's shock.
Nor in the balmy shrub, nor flower, nor tree,
Nor vale, nor hill, nor everlasting rock.
Thou canst not see Him with thy bodily sight,
But send thou forth the keener eye of the mind,
And, if not darkened by some sensual blight,
On every side God's presence it shall find ;
In cloud and storm and sunny fields of air,
In hills, and trees, and vales, and rocks and every where.

Religious Hymns and Songs.

PENITENCE.

Oh, say when errors oft and black
Have deeply stained the inmost soul,
Who then shall call the wanderer back,
Who make the broken spirit whole ?
Who give the tortured and depressed
The grateful balm, that soothes to rest ?

When storms are driven across the sky,
The rainbow decks the troubled clouds,
And there is one, whose love is nigh,
Where grief annoys and darkness shrouds ;
He 'll stretch abroad his bow of peace,
And bid the storm and tempest cease.

Then go, vain world, 't is time to part,
Too long and darkly hast thou twined
Around this frail, corrupted heart,
And poisoned the immortal mind ;
Oh, I have known the pangs that spring
From pleasure's beak and folly's sting.

Hail, Prince of heaven ! Hail, Bow of rest !
Oh, downward scatter mercy's ray,
And all the darkness of my breast
Shall quickly turn to golden day.
With Thee is peace ; no griefs annoy ;
And tears are grateful gems of joy.

THE CAPTIVE JEWS. PS. CXXXVII.

BENEATH thy palm-tree, Zion,
How swift our moments flew,
E'er sorrow o'er our bosoms
Its clouds of darkness threw.

But now by Babel's water,
Our tears for Salem shine,
And 'mid the sons of slaughter,
Our thoughts are only thine.

Our country's song, the conquerors
Have bid their captives pour,
But when from Thee we 're parted,
Our harps can sound no more.

We sat down by the billow,
Our harps upon the tree,
And weeping, 'neath the willow,
Oh, Zion, thought of thee.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE. 1 KINGS III. 5—12.

IT was not power with crimson spear,
 With starry crown and blood-shot eye ;
 It was not wealth nor golden gear
 He asked for, from the Lord on high ;
 It was not that his wrath might be
 Destruction to his enemy.

It was not that his life might wind
 Through vales more bright than fancy's dream,
 Reflecting flowers, each hue and kind,
 That pleasure's hand e'er taught to gleam ;
 Oh, not for these, for WISDOM's ray
 He asked, and thou wouldest not gainsay.

And, Lord, like him, nor glory's plume,
 Nor wealth we seek, nor ruby's flame,
 Against our foes no dreadful doom,
 Nor bliss, nor lengthened life we name ;
 But fill our hearts from stores above
 With wisdom, goodness, truth, and love.

—
LIKE THE STREAMS FROM MOUNT HERMON.

LIKE the streams from mount Hermon, that borrow
 The waves through the vallies that roll ;
 So the streams of affliction and sorrow
 In torrents rush down on thy soul.

But the banks of the dark-flowing river,
 When the rushing of waves is at rest,
 Bloom lovelier and brighter than ever,
 With flowers and with fragrance are blest.

And thou wilt arise joyful-hearted,
 With thy hopes pure and bright as a star,
 When thou hear'st, from the billows departed,
 Their terrible dashing afar.

The afflictions, that now so distress thee,
 Will leave, when departing, behind,
 A flower, that will spring up and bless thee,
 And distill all its joys on thy mind.

SUBMISSION.

THOUGH sunk in darkness and despair,
 Let not thy murmuring lips reply ;
 Thou art the object of his care,
 E'en in the hour of misery.

Oh, never deem he will forget,
 And leave thee to the foeman's power :
 But rather trust, that favor yet
 Will smile in the propitious hour.

He bade the rod of Aaron bloom,
 When shut from day's benignant light,
 And, 'mid surrounding shade and gloom,
 Put brightly forth its buds of white.

And though affliction now be thine,
 Oh, bless his kind and wise control,
 And hope and joy and love shall shine,
 And blossom from the troubled soul.

LONG DID THE CLOUDS AND DARKNESS ROLL.

[“The Lord shall help them and deliver them ; he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.”
 Ps. xxxvii. 40.]

LONG did the clouds and darkness roll
 Around my troubled breast ;
 No starlight shone upon my soul,
 My footsteps found no rest.

To human help I looked around,
 But vainly sought relief ;
 No balm of Gilead I found,
 No healing for my grief.

Then to the Saviour’s help I cried ;
 He listening heard my prayer ;
 I saw his wounded hands and side,
 And felt that hope was there.

He guides me in the better way ;
 He makes my footsteps strong ;
 The gloomy night is changed to day,
 And sadness changed to song.

JEHOVAH, SOV'REIGN OF MY HEART.

[“Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after Thee ; thy right hand upholdeth me.” Ps. lxiii. 7, 8.]

I.

JEHOVAH, sov'reign of my heart !
 My joy by night and day !
 From Thee, oh may I never part,
 From Thee ne'er go astray.
 Whene'er allurements round me stand,
 And tempt me from my choice ;
 Oh, let me find thy gracious hand,
 Oh, let me hear thy voice.

II.

This vain and feeble heart, I know,
 To worldly ways is prone ;
 But penitential tears shall show,
 There 's joy in Thee alone.
 With God all darkness turns to day ;
 With Him all sorrows flee ;
 Thou art the true and living way,
 And I will walk in Thee.

—
OH, COULD I RULE MY ERRING THOUGHT.

Oh, could I rule my erring thought,
 Each wrong desire subdue ;
 And serve my maker as I ought,
 And Thou would'st have me do.

Oh, could I discipline my mind,
 To seek the heavenly goal ;
 Nor strive, in earthly things, to find
 A treasure for the soul.

Then should my lips no more complain,
 ('T is sin that makes my grief;)
 But Thou, that givest ease for pain,
 Would'st quickly bring relief.

Ascendant over time and sense,
 My feet would upward move,
 Protected by thy Providence,
 Rejoicing in thy love.

IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE THE WORLD TO PRIZE.

If thou would'st have the world to prize,
 And of the wonders tell ;
 The glory and the mysteries,
 That in the Saviour dwell ;

Then put thyself the Saviour on,
 And clothe thee with his light,
 Nor let the dress, thou oft hast worn,
 Exclude Him from their sight.

Oh, Christian, what a shame it is,
 That thou thy sins dost bear,
 When raiment, made of righteousness,
 It is thy right to wear.

Oh, let that holy garment shine,
That all around may see,
And magnify the Lord Divine,
Whose brightness, beams from thee.

SOMETIMES I UPWARD LIFT MINE EYES.

SOMETIMES I upward lift mine eyes,
And filled with pleasure see,
The happy hosts, that throng the skies,
The blood-washed company.

How beautiful their robes, I say ;
Their garments all, how white !
Fair as the sun's ascending ray,
And clear as noon-day light.

Oh, Saviour, thou hast made them clean,
The garments that they wear ;
And all, who wash in Thee, their sin,
May in those garments share.

I too may wear that spotless dress,
Its beauty I may prove ;
It is the robe of Holiness,
The dress of Perfect Love.

MAN'S SPIRIT HATH AN UPWARD LOOK.

MAN's spirit hath an upward look,
And robes itself with heavenly wings ;
E'en when 't is here compelled to brook
Confinement to terrestrial things.

Its eye is fastened on the skies ;
Its wings for flight are opened wide ;
Why doth it hesitate to rise ?
And still upon the earth abide ?

And would'st thou seek the cause to know,
And never more its course repress ;
Then from those wings their burden throw,
And set them free from worldliness.

Shake off the earthly cares that stay
Their energy and upward flight ;
And thou shalt see them make their way
To joy, and liberty, and light.

THE SECRET SIGN.

THEY know Him by the secret sign,
Which to their souls is given ;
'T is written there in light divine,
With characters from heaven.

They may not tell it; but 't is there,
 Forever deep impressed;
 Nor grief, nor pain, nor sharp despair,
 Shall rend it from their breast.

The child the parent's accent knows,
 The accents ever dear;
 Unlike the treacherous voice of foes,
 That fills his heart with fear.

He runs to meet it; and it falls
 In blessings and in joys;
 And thus whene'er the Saviour calls,
 His people know his voice.

They know him by the secret sign,
 Which to their souls is given;
 'T is written there in light divine,
 With characters from heaven.

DARK IS THE WATERY WAY.

DARK is the watery way
 Of life's tempestuous sea:
 And none, Oh Christ, are safe, but they
 Who put their trust in Thee.

Loud is the stormy wind;
 The seamen are afraid;
 But those shall strength and mercy find,
 Whose souls on Christ are stayed.

The winds they do not fear,
 Nor dread the thunder's noise ;
 The Saviour's cheering voice they hear,
 And evermore rejoice.

It is our Saviour's skill,
 Our Saviour's arm of might,
 Which guides the tossing ship at will,
 And puts our fears to flight.

Praise to the Pilot's power,
 Praise to the Pilot's hand,
 That faithful most in danger's hour,
 Shall bring us safe to land.

THOU GIVER OF THE RISING LIGHT.

I.

Thou Giver of the rising light,
 Thou Author of the morning ray ;
 At whose command the shades of night
 Are changed to bright and sudden day ;
 Thou too canst rend the clouded heart,
 Enveloped in the shades of sin ;
 And let the light, that dwelt apart,
 The glory and the gladness in.

II.

Oh God, our Father and our Friend,
 Dark is the cloud, that wraps us now ;
 But not in vain our prayers ascend,
 Nor hopeless at thy feet we bow.

'T is in the dark, distressing hour,
 That thou dost hear thy people's cry ;
 And come and clothe them in thy power,
 And hide them in thy majesty.

MY HEART IS IN A LAND AFAR.

My heart is in a land afar,
 Unseen by mortal eyes ;
 A clime, that needs nor moon nor star,
 A land of cloudless skies.

They tell me, that the earth is bright,
 And I have pleasures here ;
 But still, in that far land of light,
 Are pleasures yet more dear.

Oh, that I had an angel's wing,
 To bear me hence away ;
 Where virtue blooms with endless spring,
 And love shall ne'er decay.

My heart is in that land afar,
 Unseen by mortal eyes ;
 A clime, that needs nor moon nor star,
 A land of cloudless skies.

ALTHOUGH AFFLICITION SMITES MY HEART.

ALTHOUGH affliction smites my heart,
And earthly pleasures flee,
There is one bliss that ne'er shall part,
My joy, oh God, in Thee.

That joy is like the orb of day,
When clouds its track pursue ;
The shades and darkness throng its way,
But sunlight struggles through.

Oh Thou, my everlasting light,
On whom my hopes rely ;
With Thee the darkest path is bright,
And fears and sorrows die.

WILT THOU, OH MY FATHER, LEAVE ME ?

WILT Thou, Oh my Father, leave me ?
Still I 'll bless thy holy will ;
I may lose, but will not grieve Thee ;
I will love Thee still.

Long and sharply Thou dost chide me ;
I am filled with grief and shame ;
But I have no joy beside Thee,
Loving still, the same.

Like the sun-flower, ever turning
 Meekly to the skies its face ;
 Still my heart for Thee is burning,
 Though Thou hid'st thy grace.

Thus my Father heard me praying ;
 Drawing near, once more He smiled ;
 Joyfully I heard Him saying,
 Thou art still my child.

I did leave thee but to try thee ;
 Trying, I have found thee mine ;
 Now I always will be nigh thee ;
 All I have is thine.

THE DIVINE LIFE.

[“But he, that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit.” 1 Cor. vi. 17.]

Oh, sacred union with the Perfect Mind !
 Transcendent bliss, which Thou alone canst give !
 How blest are they, this pearl of price who find,
 And dead to earth, have learnt in Thee to live.

Thus, in thine arms of love, Oh God, I lie,
 Lost, and forever lost, to all but Thee.
 My happy soul, since it hath learnt to die,
 Hath found new life in thine Infinity.

Oh, go, and learn this lesson of the Cross ;
 And tread the way, which saints and prophets trod,
 Who, counting life, and self, and all things loss,
 Have found in inward death the life of God.

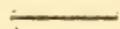
THEY SAY THEIR PATH WITH FLOWERS IS STROWN.

I.

THEY say, their path with flowers is strown,
 And all their way is bright ;
 But as for me, I walk alone,
 Encircled with the night.
 But do not think my joy the less.
 Oh, no ! I love to be
 Abandoned, in my helplessness,
 To deep obscurity.

II.

I love the thunder's voice to hear ;
 To see the lightnings play ;
 And smile, when many a danger near
 Comes thronging round my way.
 'T is then all human help is vain,
 All human hopes o'erthrown ;
 And, in my great necessity,
 I rest in God alone.



IF THERE IS SUNSHINE IN THE FACE.

IF there is sunshine in the face,
 And joy upon the brow,
 Do not suppose, that there's a trace
 Of answering joy below.

And what avails the outward light,
 Upon the face the smile ;
 If all within is dark as night,
 If all is dead the while.

Deep in the heart the evil lies,
 Which nought on earth can cure ,
 Aversion to the only Wise,
 To God, the only Pure.

Oh Thou, who giv'st the heart renewed,
 Withhold it not from me,
 That, all my enmity subdued,
 I may rejoice in Thee.

POWER OF GOD.

Oh, 'Thou, from whom the vaulted sky
 Upward to light and beauty sprung,
 Who on the lightning's wing dost fly,
 And speakest in the thunder's tongue ;

Shall such a feeble thing as man,
 Whose breath is measured by an hour,
 Deride Jehovah's mighty plan,
 Or stand against Jehovah's power !

Vain thought is this ! Thou King of kings !
 For Thou dost give to thrones their birth ;
 And with the waving of thy wings
 Canst sweep them headlong from the earth.

All things are 'neath thy high command ;
Thou art the Father, God of all ;
At thy behest the world doth stand,
At thy rebuke the world shall fall.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

I.

THE star was bright o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The shepherds watched their fleecy train,
When sudden gleamed the sky ; the tongue
Of angel bands in concert sung.

“ *Peace and good will to men,*” their song,
“ Good will,” while ages roll along ;
The Saviour comes, let nations hear,
Be hushed each grief, be wiped each tear.

II.

No more shall war bear iron sway,
Vengeance and wrath shall pass away ;
Oppression bind no more its chain,
And gladness dwell on earth again.
The harp, that melted Eden's bower,
Shall breathe once more its soothing power ;
And peace, and praise, and truth shall bless
The world with hope and loveliness.

GOD PRAISED IN HIS WORKS.

JEHOVAH ! How creation sounds
 Aloud the honors of thy name ;
 In every star that takes its rounds,
 'T is registered in words of flame.

'T is written on the morning flower ;
 'T is sounded in the matins loud
 Of birds in dewy bush and bower ;
 The lark doth teach it to the cloud.

The herds and flocks on hill and plain,
 As well as birds the air that skim ;
 The fish, that haunt the briny main,
 And through its oozy caverns swim ;

They all have voice and meaning high,
 And all in their own way confess,
 (What none but sinful men deny,)
 Thy goodness, wisdom, righteousness.

PROTECTION FROM GOD.

FATHER of all, by all adored,
 For whom archangels sweep the lyre !
 Oh, be our steps from sin restored,
 Oh, grant thy love, avert thine ire !

Relume our hearts with heavenly light,
 That we, in all Thy works, may own
 Thy goodness with supreme delight,
 And unto others make it known.

To God all holiness belongs ;
 His arm upholds us every hour ;
 To Him we raise our grateful songs,
 And supplicate His guardian power.

He is our God, and He our friend,
 Our fortress and our strong defence ;
 His angels for our watch doth send,
 And shield us with omnipotence.

THE ORPHAN.

[“Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in me.” Jer. xlix. 11.]

Oh, that I had a home
 As others have ; nor be
 With none to pity me,
 Compelled, with many tears
 And sighs, afar to roam.

Oh, once it was not so,
 But o'er our cot the trees
 Bowed in the morning breeze,
 Before our day of grief,
 Our gloomy time of woe.

How pleasant was the sight,
 When blazed at eve the pile,
 To see my mother's smile,
 To hear my father's voice ;
 It filled me with delight.

But they are dead and gone,
 And into other hands
 Have passed our pleasant lands,
 Our cot and its green trees,
 And I am left alone.

And whither shall I go ?
 Oh, God ! to Thee I cry ;
 To Thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou art the orphan's friend ;
 Have pity on my woe.

FAR IN THE LONELY WOODS.

FAR in the lonely woods,
 Where wild flowers scent the air,
 'T is sweet to hear at eve
 The missionary's prayer.

The Indian households come,
 The Indian chiefs are nigh ;
 And oft unwonted tears
 Bedew their softened eye.

How joyful is the sound !
 They hear of Jesus' name,
 Who, leaving heaven behind,
 For their salvation came.

In their rude tents before,
 They heard no praying voice ;
 Now sad and dark no more,
 Their grateful hearts rejoice.

Far in the lonely woods,
 Where wild flowers scent the air,
 'T is sweet to hear at eve
 The missionary's prayer.

EARTHLY OBJECTS UNSATISFYING.

WHENE'ER the sun, with vernal ray,
 Shines o'er the snowy cliff and hill,
 Their wintry treasures melt away,
 And mingle with the rushing rill.

They now are there ; and now are gone ;
 A moment gleam ; and then are passed ;
 So earthly hopes, to-day that shone,
 To-morrow fade away as fast.

If then our pleasures here below,
 Although we think we hold them sure,
 Are like the dews and mountain snow,
 And will not, cannot long endure ;

Why should they trouble thus our mind ?
And why our ceaseless efforts call ?
When all the good, that thence we find,
Is both so fleeting and so small.

THE BEST FRIENDSHIP.

If clouds arise and storms appear,
If fortune, friends, and all forsake me,
There's one to shed with mine the tear,
And to His bleeding bosom take me.

Blest Saviour ! Let it be my lot,
To tread with Thee this round of being ;
Thy love and mercy alter not,
When every sunbeam friend is fleeing.

Oh, be it thine to guide my soul
Along the wave of life's dark ocean ;
And nought I 'll fear, when billows roll,
Nor dread the whirlwind's rude commotion.

Thy love shall be my polar light,
And whether weal or woe betide me,
Through raging storm and shadowy night,
Its blaze shall shine to cheer and guide me.

THE DEPARTING CHRISTIAN.

I.

ON earth when the journey allotted us closes,
 And spirit and body are hastening away,
 If a gleam, on our parting, of mercy reposes,
 Oh, who in this lone world would wish to delay ?
 Oh, who would not flee from the ties that endear us,
 And bind us most close to the things here below,
 To the land, where pollution can never come near us,
 And bliss is disturbed by no moments of woe ?

II.

Then joy to the soul, that is ripe for ascending,
 If hope is the star, that enlightens death's vale ;
 For why should we keep it from joys never ending,
 To tenant this mansion of weeping and wail ?
 Its stains, washed away by the full, crimson gushes
 From the wounded Redeemer, no longer remain ;
 On the wings of an angel to heaven it rushes,
 To be happy forever and ever to reign.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

Who bids the billow heave its breast,
 Then soothes its troubled throb to rest ?
 Who bids the coral greenly bloom
 Around the sea-boy's ocean tomb ?
 Oh Lord ! The sky, the earth, the sea,
 And all things else are full of Thee !

At whose command, when eve doth fall
 With mantle dim, o'ershadowing all,
 Do trooping stars come twinkling through,
 And decking bright heaven's arch of blue ?
 Father ! The sky, the sea, the earth,
 Proclaim the author of their birth.

Thine are the mountains, thine the caves ;
 Thou ridest on the winds and waves ;
 Thine is the bright o'er-arching bow,
 The thunder's voice, the lightning's glow ;
 The earth, the sea, the sky are thine ;
 In all Thou art, in all divine.

OH, COULD I BEHOLD !

I.

OH, could I behold but the light of thy face,
 And renew all the raptures that once so enchanted,
 When my footsteps first trod in the heavenly race,
 And the road, I had entered, with roses was planted ;
 Not the song from the traveler, faint and astray,
 When his tribute of praise and of gladness is blending,
 For the fountains and palm-groves he found on his way,
 Should match with the strain from my bosom ascending.

II.

Thou Star of the Christian ! Thou Guide of the lost !
 Oh, withhold not the beams that can lead and can gladden
 Frail man, on the ocean of life when he 's tost,
 When the billows float high, and the wild tempests
 madden.

Blest Saviour ! Once more be the light of my soul ;
And amid all the dangers and griefs that oppress me,
This heart shall submit to thy faultless control,
The song of these lips shall unceasingly bless thee.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

IN the day of visitation,
When the clouds have o'er thee passed,
And thou thinkest that salvation
May not bless thee at the last ;

In the hour of doubts and fearing,
When the Saviour seems afar,
And thy spirit, without cheering,
Is the night without a star ;

Know, that it is all to try thee,
And that Jesus loves thee still,
Nor will ever He deny thee,
If thou walkest in his will.

He hath set the great example,
Follow on, as he hath trod ;
Doubts and sin beneath thee trample,
Live and act and hope in God.

Then, though light or dark attend thee,
In the end 't will be the same ;
If the Saviour doth befriend thee,
Thou shalt ne'er be put to shame.

HYMN AT SEA.

'T IS not in yonder starry host,
Oh, God of might ! I see Thee most,
Although Thy skill and power divine
In sun and moon and planets shine ;
When tossed upon the raging sea,
I view and feel the most of Thee.

The sea-birds stretch their wings on high,
And shriek beneath the warring sky ;
In mountain piles the billows flow,
And laboring ships toss to and fro,
And from Thy red, right arm doth roll
The thundering bolt from pole to pole.

Oh, then I know Jehovah's form,
Careering in the bellowing storm,
Oh, then I see his wond'rous way,
Where o'er the deep the lightnings play ;
I see—I hear—I bow my soul,
And yield it to his high control.

THE PILGRIM'S RETURN.

WHEN the PILGRIMS of earth seek their parents' embrace,
After long years of absence their residence greeting,
And meet the dear objects of love face to face,
Their rapture how high ! Oh, how happy their meeting !
More happy are they, who arrive at the shore,
Where friends, when they mingle, shall part never more.

On the blest hills of heaven behold them appear,
Their hands to their harps, wreathed with roses, ad-
ressing ;
They raise to the Saviour, who wipes every tear,
Ascriptions of honor, and glory, and blessing.
His arm through their perils hath led to the shore,
Where friends, when they mingle, shall part never more.

The homes of this world become dim and decay,
And friends, when they meet, are too soon called to
sever ;
But the mansions prepared in the regions of day,
Stand beaming and beautiful ever and ever ;
And those, whom the Saviour shall lead to that shore,
Shall stray from its mansions, and part never more.

A VOICE FROM THE DYING.

THE world misdeem it. Oh, 't is not,
As some assert, a hapless lot
To stand with wings unfurled,
Just starting for that heavenly world,
Where woe 's forgot.

'T is true, I leave my friends behind,
And I have ever known them kind,
In past, departed hours ;
But shall I not in heaven's bowers
True friendship find ?

'T is time to rend apart the chain,
 That binds to scenes so sad and vain
 As here afflict our eyes.
 No sorrow dwells beyond the skies,
 No tears, no pain.

Let those, who love me, rise and dare
 To spurn the world, and seek me there,
 In that bright land of rest ;
 And with the good, the pure, the blest,
 In bliss to share.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW LIFE.

" Ah, how long shall I delight
 In the memory of that day,"
 When the shades of mental night
 Sudden passed away !

Long around my darkened view
 Had those lingering shadows twined ;
 Till the Gospel, breaking through,
 Chased them from my mind.

There was light in every thing,
 Every thing was bathed in bliss ;
 Trees did wave, and birds did sing,
 Full of happiness.

Beauty in the woods shone forth,
Beauty did the flowers display ;
And my glorious Maker's worth
Beamed with matchless ray.

“ Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that day,”
When the shades of mental night
Sudden passed away.

CONVERSION.

ONCE I had a heart within,
Thankless and opposed to God ;
And, wandering in the ways of sin,
In wisdom's ways had never trod.

Mercies were regarded not,
Judgments came my soul to try,
But in a moment were forgot,
And left me still to vanity.

But the Spirit showed at last
All the strictness of the Law,
And, as its mirror o'er me passed,
My heart's depravity I saw.

Then my soul, in deep despair,
Felt within the rankling dart ;
But Jesus plucked it out with care,
And gave a renovated heart.

What I loved and sought before
Pleases me no longer now ;
But at the cross my prayers I pour,
At Jehovah's feet I bow.

GATHER THE ROSES.

“GATHER *the roses, while you may,*
Old time is still a-flying ;”
But not the roses that bloom to-day,
And to-morrow that are dying.

Gather the roses while you may,
To wreath thy brow of sorrow ;
But not the roses that bloom to-day,
And wither and fall to-morrow.

Gather the roses while you may,
The roses that are glowing
Where the balmy gales of Eden play,
And the stream of life is flowing.

Gather the roses that are there,
Your temples brightly wreathing,
And the touch of time shall ne'er impair
The garland so bright and breathing.

DESIRING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

I BID my hours to hasten on,
That I may be, where Christ has gone;
With him I long in heaven to meet,
To pay my honors at his feet,

Oh thou blest Saviour ! Thou dost see
How sad my heart, when far from Thee !
E'en here on earth thy love I share,
But I had rather see thee there.

Thou said'st, before thy feet were set
Upon their march from Olivet,
What time the clouds and heavens of light
Received thee from the gazer's sight ;

That thou didst go, that there might be
A place prepared for us and Thee.
Oh, fit me for that dwelling-place,
Where I shall see Thee face to face !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

'T IS now the time of strife and war,
The contest sounds on every side ;
Nations are bound to Satan's ear,
And who shall meet him in his pride ?

Is there no arm his power to break?
Are there no hearts that deeply feel?
Sons of the kingdom! Rise, awake!
Obey at length your Saviour's will!

Go, swell the trumpet's warning voice,
The captive sons of earth to tell
Of Him, who bids the saints rejoice,
Of Him, who saves the soul from hell.

Go, bear the Gospel banner forth,
Its glittering web of light unroll,
To gleam sublime from south to north,
And scatter light from pole to pole.

Hark! 'T is the trumpet's warning cry!
Lo, o'er the earth the banners wave!
The Lord of glory comes from high,
To rule, to conquer, and to save.

IN ALL THE COUNTLESS ORBS.

In all the countless orbs that shine
Along the azure halls of even,
Is seen the forming hand divine
Of Him, who rules in earth and heaven.

Wherever shines their silver beam,
Where'er they set, where'er they rise,
Appears the skill, in every gleam,
Of Him who rules the earth and skies.

Then go at night, and look afar
O'er all the blue, ethereal sky,
And read in every rolling star
The glory of the Deity.

And when thou readest, think that thou
Shouldst not withhold the tribute due ;
But with a grateful spirit bow
To Him, whose mercy thinks of you.

THE LATTER DAY GLORY.

THE day of light is but beginning ;
Millions yet in darkness lie,
Ignorant of God, and sinning ;
Thoughtless of their destiny.

The day of light is just appearing,
Weak and transient are its rays ;
But they fill our souls with cheering
Prospects of the noontide blaze.

Oh, may the coming morning brighten,
With its splendors beaming wide,
Till its blessed rays enlighten
All, who on the earth reside.

And, for this glorious consummation,
Let each Christian watch and pray,
And the church in every nation
Strive to hasten on that day.

Though raised by sinners sunk and striken,
Prayer will reach Jehovah's throne ;
And the Saviour's smile will quicken
Hopes, that rest on him alone.

IF THERE E'ER WAS A TIME.

If there e'er was a time of rejoicing, 't was then
When we first broke asunder the shackles that bound us,
And walked in a freedom more blest than of men,
For the smiles of the Saviour were scattered around us.

Drawn forth from the shades of our prison, we deemed
All nature resplendent with light and with beauty ;
And oft, in the glow of our feelings, it seemed
We ne'er could be wanting in love and in duty.

And shall it be said, that our souls cease to love ?
And shall we forget so transcendent a blessing ?
Dear Saviour, look down from thy mansions above,
And from moment to moment bestow thy refreshing.

'T is in Thee that we live ; Thou didst give us our life.
'T is in Thee that we hope ; let thy banner be o'er us.
Unless Thou dost aid us, we fail in the strife,
But with Thee every foe shall be driven before us.

GOD'S GLORY IN CREATION.

WHENE'ER I see the morning sun,
Rejoicing from the east to run,
And o'er the sky his journey hold,
With eye of fire and robes of gold ;
(So proud his march, so bright he blazes,
That e'en the eagle, as he gazes,
Can scarce his burning track behold :)

Whene'er I view the stars display,
To deck the sky their silver ray,
And mark, along the welkin wide,
The evening's placid empress glide ;
My soul is full of Him, who made them,
The God, whose magic power arrayed them,
In all their beauty, all their pride.

Nor this alone ; 'T is God doth dress
The spring in all its loveliness ;
'T is God, who gives to field and bower,
The autumn's fruit and summer's flower.
The earth we tread, the heavens that bound us,
With all within and all around us,
Declare his wisdom and his power.

Where'er we dwell, where'er we go,
On hill above, or vale below,
By streams through distant meads that glide,
By forests, waving in their pride ;
We every where the proof discover,
That God around the earth doth hover,
And dwells forever at our side.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

SAY not, 't is all a dreary way,
With rocks beset with briars growing,
Where never beams of sunlight stray,
And ne'er a gentle stream is flowing.

Or if it be, that thou dost go
Through scenes so darksome, wild, and frightful,
Yet there is one who loves thee so,
That he can make e'en this delightful.

Jesus is ever near at hand,
To aid, to guide, and to deliver,
With his own arm, the chosen band
Which he hath bought, to keep forever.

Then drive away thy doubts and fears,
Nor dread the ills that threat to hurt thee ;
For Christ, that saw thee in thy tears,
Hath said, He never will desert thee.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

OFT, when the shades of evening come,
And still the caravan's deep hum,
The desert's wind, with poisoned breath,
Sweeps o'er, and smites with sudden death.

And thus, with sudden, deep dismay,
 Shall come the judgment's awful day,
 And wide the final trump disperse
 Its summons through the universe.

The earth shall hear the trumpet's tongue ;
 The dead arise, both old and young ;
 They upward look, and in the sky
 Read their eternal destiny.

Oh, then what terrors meet the view
 Of those who now the earth pursue !
 Who see their hopes and bliss expire,
 Withered and burnt in penal fire.

THINK NOT THAT THE BLEST.

THINK not that the blest, whom the Lord hath befriended,
 Though scorned by the world, and though smitten with
 grief,
 Will be left by the arm, that has once been extended,
 To suffer and perish without its relief.

Oh, no ! When the clouds of affliction and sorrow
 Encircle their souls with the darkness of night,
 Thy mercy, Oh God, like the sun of to-morrow,
 Shall gleam on the shadows and turn them to light.

He leaves us awhile to the billow's commotion,
 To see if our faith in the storm will remain ;
 But soon He looks out in his smiles, and the ocean
 Is hushed from its threats, and is quiet again.

RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS.

Fools make a mock, while scoffers say,
Where is the great, and final day?
But in the destined hour shall rue,
While saints rejoice, that God is true.

Hark! Through the air the trumpet's peal!
See! Opening graves their dead reveal!
The Saviour from the dust doth claim
The blessed followers of his name.

Their troubled souls are now at peace,
Forever now their conflicts cease;
Their cruel foes no longer reign,
Nor sin distresses them again.

REMEMBRANCE IN PRAYER.

WHEN at the hour of prayer thy heart
The fervor of its love discovers,
In secret as thou kneel'st apart,
And many an angel round thee hovers,
Oh, then remember me!

When down thy cheeks the tear-drops roll,
Of gratitude for sins forgiven,
And thou dost feel within thy soul
A ray of joy just sent from heaven,
Oh, then remember me!

For who, that sees thee trembling, kneeling,
 Or may thy meek entreaties hear,
 To Heaven so fervently appealing,
 Will not believe that God is near ?
 Oh, then remember me !

Ask not for earthly pomp, or pleasure ;
 A humble, meek, and holy heart
 To me is far a greater treasure,
 Than earth's vain glories can impart.

Oh, thus remember me !

THE PASSING OF JORDAN.

I.

Oh, why should our hopes be diminished and languish ?
 And hearts, once confirmed, yield to fears and to anguish ?
 We have come to the brink of the dark swelling river ;
 One plunge through its waves, then salvation forever.
 " Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon ;
 We will praise him again, when we pass over Jordan."

II.

To our Saviour we look ; Oh, what care hath He taken ;
 In all our past griefs we were never forsaken.
 He hath been at our side, in the flame and the slaughter ;
 And will still bear us up, when we pass the dark water.
 " Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon ;
 We will praise him again, when we pass over Jordan."

III.

Redeemer of men thou art holy and glorious ;
Though many oppose, thou alone are victorious.
Thou wilt ride through the waves with the great congre-
gation ;
While their lips shout thy praise, and rejoice in salvation.
" Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon ;
We will praise him again, when we pass over Jordan."

THE LAST SONG.

'T is said, when the swan is dying,
Ere her languid eye doth close
On the reeds around her lying,
Which await her last repose ;

That she breathes a soft lamenting,
As she views her verdant grave ;
And then to her fate consenting,
Sinks peaceful beneath the wave.

So, when life's journey is ending,
And the angels bid us rise,
From the shades of earth ascending,
To assemble in the skies ;

Oh, then may the song that's meetest,
No longer a note of woe,
From our lips the last, the sweetest,
In joy and in triumph flow.

American Cottage Life.

(VIII.*) THE OLD HOUSE.

[One of the painful things of this life, is its frequent and necessary separations. As a general thing, no one leaves the home of his fathers, the place of his early experiences and associations, without regret. But this regret is often alleviated by the consideration, that he may occasionally return and renew for a time the pleasures of his youth. It becomes, therefore, an exceedingly painful moment, when he learns, as is sometimes the case, that the place of his childhood's residence, either in consequence of death or of misfortune, has passed into other hands. From that moment he feels, that one of the strong ties, which bound him to earth and its happiness, is sundered.]

I.

WHEN he, who bore a Father's name, his head,
At nature's bidding, in the dust did lay,
A Mother's presence still its brightness shed
Around the place of childhood's early day.
IT STILL WAS HOME. At length my Mother died.
Sadly and low repose her ashes cold,
In peace and silence, near the Father's side.
Oh, then was snapped affection's link of gold,
But still we had a home, till the OLD HOUSE WAS SOLD.

* This poem, which failed to be inserted in its proper place, was designed as the eighth in the series of Poems on the general subject of American Cottage Life, which is found in this volume.

II.

There yet was something, where the heart could rest,
A bond of union, which could keep us one.
We could not deem, that we were all unblest,
Until the hour, when the Old House was gone.
But children now of exile and of grief,
And wandering far from distant place to place,
'T will give the troubled heart some small relief,
The record of that ancient home to trace,
That image of the heart, which time can ne'er deface

III.

And shall I pass along those steps no more ?
No more the well known forms and voices greet ?
Shall foreign footprints press the oft-trod floor,
And other hearts around that hearthstone beat ?
Peace be upon them, whosoe'er they be,
(Fervent and calm, my saddened spirit prays,)
Peace be to them, as it hath been to *me*,
As pleased they throng around the evening blaze,
And blessings, well deserved, refresh their coming days.

IV.

Oh Evening Hearth ! Capacious didst thou stand,
With welcome light ; but who, alas, shall tell
The thoughts, the hopes, the feelings of the band,
That gathered round thee, and that loved thee well ?
There hath the stranger's wonderous tale been said ;
Around that hearth have songs of joy ascended ;
There too, when woe its bitter cup hath shed,
Hath sorrowing voice with weeping voices blended.
But all those scenes are passed, and joy and sorrow ended.

V.

All gone ! Not one remains to tell the tale,
The pleasures, dangers, toils of former years ;
I look around, but ancient aspects fail,
And ancient voices reach no more mine ears.
And yet memorials claim my curious eye,
That have not lost upon the heart their sway ;
They link me for a time to things gone by ;
'T is the last hour, and time hath no delay ;
I give this parting look, and then am on my way.

VI.

Once more I tread the room ; 't was mine alone ;
By special love and privilege possessed ;
It held whate'er of wealth I called my own,
A bed, a chair, a table, and a chest.
Snug in the chest's apartments safe I stored
Many small things, the choice of childhood's time,
The fruits, which autumn gave, a various hoard ;
With pictures, maps, historic tales, and rhyme ;
Some leaves of Cowper's Task, and Milton's song sublime.

VII.

Here oft I mused in the reflective hour ;
(For what is youth without its golden dreams ?)
E'en then young fancy, in her early power,
Revealed the dazzling light of higher themes, }
That brightly came, but perished in their birth.
Throw up the window ! Let me look around,
And see once more, how fair my natal earth !
The spreading elm still shades the verdant ground ;
With flowers and shrubs the plains, with woods the hills
abound.

VIII.

Oh, yes! The summer flowers are yet in bloom;
The summer birds in air and woods are singing;
The bees are humming in the rich perfume;
And o'er the plains the heavy cart is ringing.
When early morning shone or eve drew near,
The milkmaid called the cows through yonder lane.
No more her morning song salutes the ear;
Nor to his early work goes forth again
Tims with his glistening spade, or Dick that drove the
wain.

IX.

This is the room, where oft I sat, when day,
As left the sun the busy haunts of men,
Gleamed with his parting glow. In slow array
The mists ascending clothed the distant glen.
The silver moon, throned in the tranquil West,
Rejoicing, smiled in her recovered light.
Thus sat I long, with fancy's forms possessed;
And marked the beetle's hum, and watched the flight
Of dim, mysterious bats, that thronged the early night.

X.

Here too, at dewy morn, the new-born joys
Of waking nature claimed my youthful heart;
The lowing herd afar; the various voice
Of hymning birds, that plied their merry art;
The teamster's call, the ploughboy's whistle shrill;
While sounding loud, the water's distant roar
Came intermingled with the clanging mill.
Such were the sights and sounds, now known no more,
That nascent day could bring, or its decline restore.

XI.

Again the parlor's sanded floor I trace ;
Its walls, with ancient prints suspended high ;
Its mantle neat, with flower and branch to grace ;
The parlor, safe from public scrutiny.
Here were the scenes and sessions more sedate,
Which thoughts less light and weightier judgments
claim ;
'T was here we loved the hour to celebrate,
Which heard announced the village Pastor's name,
Or when the friends remote, or Angelina came.

XII.

In fragments oft, and ever old in date,
On yonder shelf, some well-known books reposed ;
The Pilgrim's Progress, and the Fourfold State,
And others, nameless now, which yet disclosed
The truths and hopes of Puritanic lore.
And near the Grandsire sat, with visage sage,
And spectacles in place ; and long would pore
The serious thought, that stamped the homely page ;
And drop the tear, perchance, for this degenerate age.

XIII.

Now pass along. 'T was there the settle rude,
At weary eve its form expanded wide ;
And tall, upright, in yonder angle stood
The ancient clock, " by long experience tried."
No more at early morn its prompting sound
Shall send us forth to duty and to care.
No more at eve shall summon us around
The sober hearth, in pious acts to share.
'T was in this spot we kneeled ; *this* was the place of prayer.

XIV.

'T was thus I passed from well known room to room,
And scanned the objects, which they gave to light;
'T is true, the scrutiny possessed its gloom,
When memory showed them to the inner sight,
Inscribed with place, with feature, and with name,
As on that day, which changed my happy lot,
And called me hence. (Alas, too soon it came.)
'T was thus I lingering marked each well known spot,
Nor kitchen was passed by; nor garret was forgot.

XV.

The garret! and "I name it," placed sublime,
Above the parlor's pride, the kitchen's mirth!
The grateful Muse well knoweth, that her rhyme
Hath in the garret often had its birth.
What though the noisy mice rush gaily round?
What though insidious spiders weave their bed?
Hath not great Goldsmith there a lodging found?
And mighty Johnson oft reposed his head,
When for the sons of song no other couch was spread.

XVI.

Oft have I spent the studious hour retired
High in the Garret. There, with book in hand,
Perchance, with wild poetic thoughts inspired,
I bade young fancy rove o'er sea and land.
E'en then Imagination, though a child,
Put forth her little wing, instinct with flame,
And soared afar to Scotia's mountains wild,
To cliffs and mounts, that bear the Alpine name,
Known in the Muses' song, and consecrate to fame.

XVII.

Historians wise, with graphic pen, have traced
The fortunes states and mighty nations share ;
If right we deem, it would not be misplaced,
If private men and fortunes had their care.
Each heart, each home, itself a history makes ;
Hath all the incidents a nation knows :
And much the sordid soul its bliss mistakes,
That hath no feeling for their joys and woes :
Sometimes in prosperous ways, then crushed by heavy
blows.

XVIII.

For the last time with saddened thoughts I tread
The chamber of the sick, the place of tears :
There, under dispensations just but dread,
Hath bowed the youthful form, the head of years :
The wonted brightness from the eye hath passed ;
The burning lip hath shown the bitter pain ;
There Father, Mother, Sister, breathed their last ;
And passed, to be no more on earth again ;
Thrice was the arrow sped, and thrice our joys were slain.

XIX.

Oh, Memory ! The child of faithful love !
Enchantress of the soul ! That with thy wand,
The very stone upon the grave canst move,
And make the dead before my fancy stand !
The living and the dead are present now :
Once more we meet—and here once more we part :
He, who hath taken all, will yet allow,
(Old Time, with spreading wing and pointed dart,)
This meeting of the soul, this homage of the heart.

XX.

Time is indeed a robber. How he seizes
The dear companions of our better years :
Like one that comes and takes whate'er he pleases,
The old, the young, regardless of our tears.
Now smites he down the hardy form of man ;
Now doth the stem of childhood's beauty sever ;
One thing alone remains : 't is all that can :
All else he smites—but that attacketh never :
He hath no power o'er Love. Love flourisheth forever.

XXI.

Thus have I sung. Perchance 't is my last song.
'T is true, the faithful Muse hath been my friend.
But will she still her pensive notes prolong ?
And shall I bid her still my steps attend ?
I, who am all unworthy of her care ;
Gray-headed now, and weary, growing old.
But who hath gained by yielding to despair ?
I'll wipe my tears, with half my story told,
And take my Pilgrim staff, now the Old House is sold.

ERRATA.

Page 20, line 15 from the top, for *there* read their.

“ 61, line 3 from the bottom, for *ceased* read sealed.

“ 92, line 11 from the top, for *her* read its.

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